

IDENTITY



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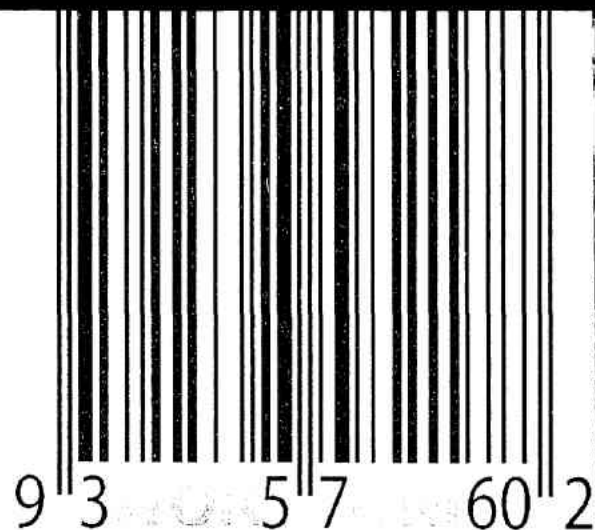
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Woroni Volume 57

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We, the Woroni Editors, wish to acknowledge the Ngunnawal people as the original inhabitants of the land that our office is situated upon.

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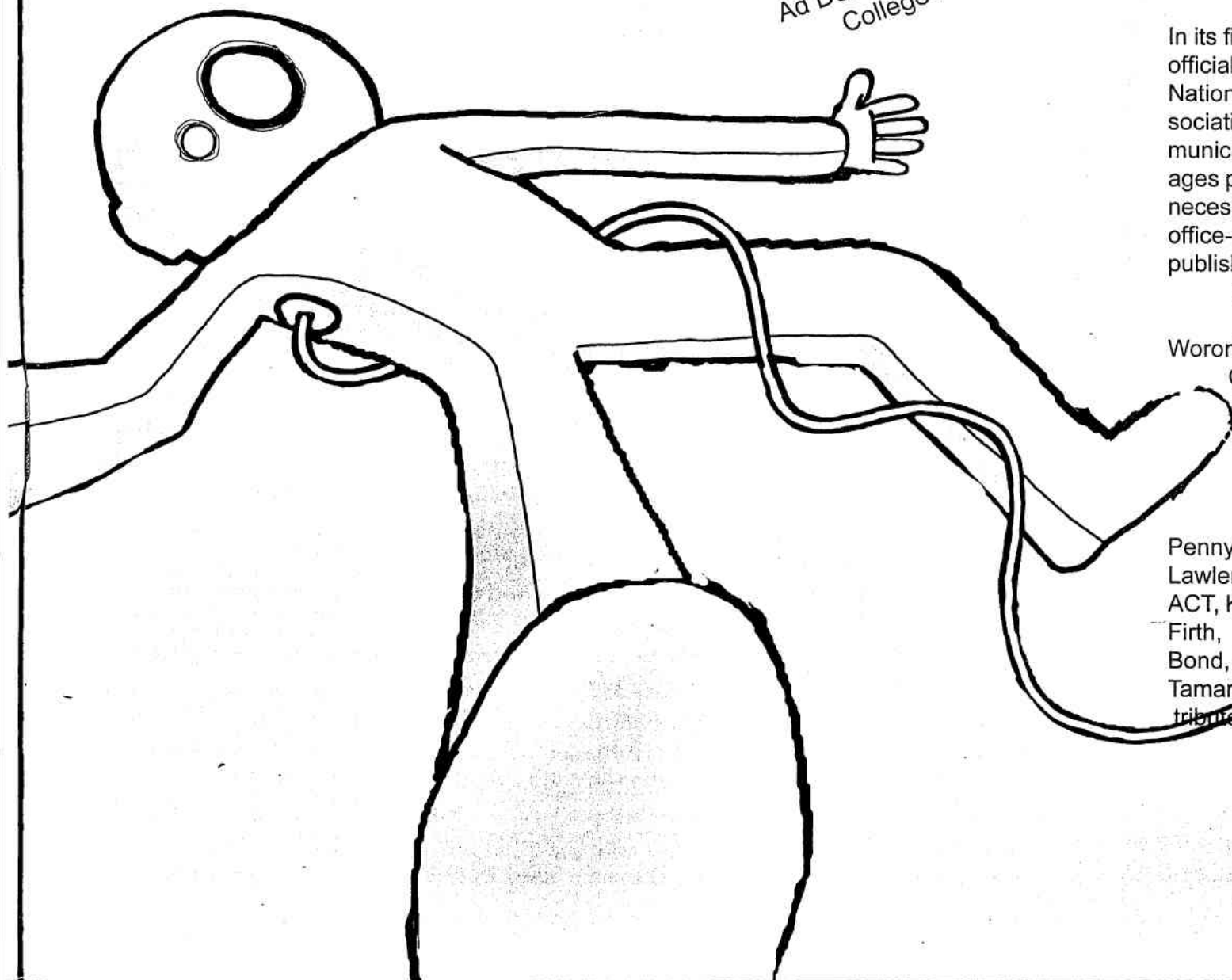
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Fan and Hate Mail



Email us your love letters:
woroni@anu.edu.au

LSS is MIA

Dear Woroni,

It's 4:30 in the morning in early May and I am wondering what has happened to the Law Students' Society. It seems particularly strange to me that, as we drift toward the exam period and the half way mark of the year, I have still not heard anything from the LSS and moreover I do not even know who they are.

By now you might be thinking "Well you are just ignorant and haven't noticed them promoting events in the hallways of the Law Faculty or haven't taken the time to read the posters." This may be a fair assessment, but as far as I can tell there have been no posters, no promotions and no LSS.

The apparent lack of profile that the current LSS, if there is one, is suffering from could arguably be attributed to the stellar effort of the LSS in recent years. An LSS who managed to coordinate all the usual social distractions and competitions, but who also established the First Stop free legal advice centre and helped to establish the groundbreaking Clinical Youth Law Program course. It is a hard act to follow, but it should at least be followed.

If there are any doubters out there just check out the LSS webpage to see who they are (<http://law.anu.edu.au/lss/>). You will find that apparently the President and the Executive are the same as they were last year. That is simply not the case. What we have here is an LSS incapable of updating their own website. A further exploration of the page shows that the latest pin-board items relate to July 2004. "So what?" you say. "Who cares?"

Well I say that we should care, even if it doesn't occur to you until May that the LSS has gone AWOL. We need a representative body that

is more than a vehicle for those who seek to pad their CV's to improve their opportunities as graduates. I am not claiming that whoever the LSS are, that they are these sort of people, but as a student studying law I want to know who is representing my interests to the Faculty, how can I get involved in competitions if I don't already know the secret handshake, and where is the Law Ball going to be.

Joel Phibbs

Guess Who... Sucks?

Woroni,

Usually I'm not disappointed by the writing in Woroni. But, Rouslun Churches can't review films for shit. Leo Shanahan knows his stuff, but Rouslun is hopeless. The 'Guess Who' review was more shocking than all those Ursies boys getting fist fucked by Amanda Vanstone while Brendan Nelson watches (well not quite). On the 'Guess Who' caper; the opening joke was terrible and irrelevant; there was NO discussion of the film as filme (take some tips from Megan McKeough, brilliant review by the way)- what of visuals, music, direction, narrative; there was NOTHING to this review other than a crass and stupid psuedo politically correct statement at the end. The closing sentence "I'm waiting for a reverse plot sequel" epitomises the idiocy. Guess What? 'Guess Who' is not a reference to some shitty Milton Bradley board game. Why don't you check out the classic 'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner' starring Oscar winner Sidney Poitier. This film was the beginning of his demise in Black circles. Due to this film he was seen as an Uncle Tom-a sell out to the racist white audience he had formerly antagonised. As we know race is essential to identity (advance respect to this issue). But so

too is intelligence. Shame 'guess who' (our reviewer) seems to be devoid of the latter.

Bob Green

**[Standard Automated Response:
Woroni welcomes all contributions]**

Steph's Not Happy

Response to Lucy Stackpool's comments on my article in the last Woroni.

"The GSF subsidises immediate services many students have to pay for anyway." [sic] So the GSF is, in effect, a circular subsidy. I, for one, would rather choose to have that money in the first place and spend it how I choose on the services I want (given the prices of food in the Student Union it is often cheaper to go to Civic to get lunch).

Ms Stackpool states that most funds collected from GSF go to the University Union and the Sports Union (not the SA). That is the biggest problem. There are plenty of students out there who don't have the funds nor the inclination to support other people's social lives and be a member of what is effectively a shopping centre (the Student Union).

On the matter of equating Compulsory Student Union (CSU) fees and compulsory voting, I can only note that it doesn't cost anywhere near \$220 a year to get one's name ticked off a sheet every three years.

If, after VSU is introduced, unions don't get the members and funding they used to, it simply proves that their services are not in demand and students don't want to be represented by them.

Finally, Ms Stackpool claims that I think unions are corrupt. I never said that. Unions are a good thing.



But not when people are forced to be members. Not when there is no choice. The SA and NUS's opposition of VSU shows a lack of respect for the intelligence of students and their ability to make decisions about what is best for them.

Sincerely,
Stephanie Collins.

[Lucy: Well, I'm sorry if you feel that I made a misrepresentation on your view of unions, but you seem to have missed some of my points entirely, as well as completely distorted my examples. All the best, I'm sure your dreams will come true in July.]

Not Happy with Steph

Dear Editors

I would like to make two comments on Stephanie Collins' article in your last edition.

1. Is it inconsistent to oppose HECS and support a compulsory GSF? Students pay HECS because the Federal Government no longer allocates enough funding to higher education to make it free. It is impossible to reverse this policy now. What the Students' Association can oppose on your behalf is the attempt to increase those fees further. To keep ANUSA solvent and able to oppose these increases, we need a membership fee. This fee is much smaller than an increase in HECS would be. And I would point out that the government does not, as Ms Collins asserts, subsidise the majority of all students' education any more. For example, law students now pay 80.5% of the costs of their law degree.

2. The Pro-VSU posters.
We didn't remove them. Possibly the

ones that were put on walls and windows were removed by ANU Security because they breached the ANU's rules.

On a related matter, I'm disgusted that proponents of VSU are resorting to the anonymous silencing tactic of cutting up our STOP VSU banners at 1 am on 27 April (yes, there's CCTV in Union Court). If you hide your opinion behind anonymity then you can't be very proud of it, can you?

Aparna Rao
President, ANUSA

Joel and Jimmy Speak to a Generation

Fellow Woronians,

how do you do? I write in reply to Joel Jenkins' ranting of free sex. Not only did I enjoy this insightful writing I found inspiration to do something in regards to my lack of sex. I have been slack in my efforts at trying to pick up, though I decided it was time for a change. It was a Thursday night, not long ago, I put on my dancing shoes, put on my best deodorant [sic] and went out ready for a great night out on the town. Oh, how the times have changed. I did not realize how hard it was to pick up in this god-forsaken town. Maybe it was just the places I went or maybe my Travolta-esque dance techniques failed me, but whatever it was it conquered me. I eventually gave up but was still determined to get some action, and soon. As it was early in the morning I went home alone and waited for the next day to broach. Still inspired and in the mood I approached uni bar for some early drinks to start the weekend. Where better, I thought, then maybe a chance daytime pickup. After three long beers over one long hour a new idea hit me.

An idea inspired by Jimmy's article. It was time to head to Fyshwick and see what would happen. I nervously drove in the sun of the afternoon and approached the first brothel I saw. I gamely walked through the door and up the staircase into the seedy den that awaits the lustful men of Canberra. It was then that things got weird like Jimmy I had an experience. One of the prostitutes would not see me as she was one of my friends. I was excited at first though then the fear crept over. Who is this girl? What were the odds of me going to the one brothel she works at? I now question all my lady friends as to their source of income. Seeing I am new to Canberra I do not know that many people, so the list is short. Though I send an appeal out to this girl to come forward and present yourself, do not be scared. Be inspired by the Free Love that Joel speaks of and be excited that hey, you are not alone in your sex fetish there are many of us out there embrace it (I will pay, of course).

Anonymous

[Chloe: Save yourself the petty money and go to Mooseheads - four floors of whores indeed.]

Who is Joel?

Joel is an enigma. An enigma of a former self. Who is self. Self is who you are at that one point in time. Is this a good thing or a bad thing? I don't know. What I do know however is that to be unique is a good thing. No two people are the same and this is very exciting. Individualism is God's gift to us. I am proud of my uniqueness as you all should be. I am Joel. Who are you? Please email any queries to jjay_464@hotmail.com

Thanks
Joel

Editorial

Paperdolls. House. Dress-Ups. Cowboys and Indians. Cops and Robbers. Childhood games are explicit examples of the ways in which we try on various identities. As we progress into our adolescent years, those same urges to throw on metaphorical costumes manifest themselves in different forms; we slide in and out of different social circles, dye our hair, listen to bad 80s pop. As adults, our identity isn't so intensely focused on the aesthetic, but more on our demographics; we tick boxes on government forms, fall into tax brackets, purchase homes. It is in this sense that identity can be understood to be a dynamic process, one that is ever-changing and culturally specific.

Back all those months ago, we had planned for the theme of this issue to be 'Nation' or 'National Identity'. However, images of Bill Hunter and Vegemite began to dance in our heads, and there's only so much of that you can swallow before you start puking up green and gold bile into a slouch hat. So 'Nation' got the chop, and we left ourselves with 'Identity' – a theme that we feel is much more accessible, and won't necessarily conjure images of national landmarks styled in the fashion of Ken Done. Some of the contributions we received were surprising: for a town that seems to have such a fixation with self-loathing, there certainly was an abundance of people willing to stand up and proclaim their loyalty to Canberra and its community.

So, here it is, Woroni's take on 'Identity'.

Vegemite-smearred smooches,
Chloe and Lucy.



Issue Five: Call for Contributions

Theme: Pop Culture

Articles and images must be received by 1st July. Come talk to us about your mum's tattoo, or just get on the internet and send us a thorough list of every ASIO official in Australia: woroni@anu.edu.au

News



Allan Hawke to Replace Peter Baume as ANU's Chancellor

By Isabelle Reilly

On Friday 13th of May, the ANU University Council chose to appoint Dr Allan Hawke as the Chancellor to follow Professor Peter Baume upon his retirement. Dr Hawke is likely to take up his new position early next year, after completing his duties as the Australian High Commissioner to New Zealand and its surrounding territories.

Dr Hawke completed his secondary education at Queanbeyan High School before graduating with a First-Class Honours Science degree from ANU. He then completed a PhD in Biology at ANU in 1976. His research focused on the Australian plague locust, *Chortoicetes terminifera*.

Dr Hawke's most noteworthy appointments include: Chief of Staff to Prime Minister Keating (from 1993), Secretary to the Department of Veteran Affairs (from 1994), Secretary to the Department of Transport and Regional Services (from 1996), and Secretary of Defence (from 1999). It was during his term as Secretary of Defence that the 'children overboard' scandal was exposed to be false.

ANU's Vice-Chancellor, Professor Ian Chubb, has welcomed Dr Hawke's appointment as Chancellor, while praising Professor Baume for his influential and excellent work.

What's On in Your SA? - The Annual General Marathon

By Simone Gubler

Item 1: Meeting Opens and Apologies

Item 2: Nathan Cripps would like it noted that he did not, as recorded, express an "ideological objection" to pre-paid printing. He has requested that the word "ideological" be removed from the minutes. Any objections?

The organisers of the ANU Students' Association AGM estimated that something in the order of 120 students would

attend the AGM (held in a poky corner of the Refectory); but they set up no more than 50 chairs – as if struck by a bizarre premonition of the unpopularity of student politics. It was surprising (and no doubt saddening for SA hacks) that those 50 chairs weren't all filled. The quorum of 40 attendant members (required by the SA constitution) was barely met – so the event nearly didn't take place at all.

This pathetic rate of attendance had two effects on the meeting. First of all, it upset the student polities, who were hoping that more students would care enough to turn up in solidarity with the SA, as it faces the likely introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism. Secondly, it made the passage of one of the planned motions impossible – the constitution stipulates that 120 SA members must vote if an official is to be removed, so an item demanding the removal of Education Officer, Jessica He, had to be amended to a weak request for her resignation.

SCUNA songsters infiltrated the meeting and sang 'Happy Birthday' to Aparna Rao before abruptly leaving (making quorum look even more shaky). Another highlight was the Treasurer's Report, which yielded few surprises. The SA budget was almost as long and boring as Costello's effort, tabled just two days earlier. Though the information given made one point dramatically clear – just how blown the O-Week budget is. The SA had budgeted \$25,000 for O-Week. The O-Week organisers spent \$73,745.72 on the event. The difference was not quite made up for by ticket sales and sponsorship, with the O-Week budget looking at a deficit of about \$8,000. Did heads roll (especially given that previous O Weeks have run a profit)? No. Tom Colebatch, Co-Director of the 2005 O-Week team, was elected (shortly after the Treasurer's Report) uncontested, to the position of Bush Week Director. There is a nice little irony here though – as a result of the O-Week splurge, the SA is looking at tightening Bush Week's belt to make up some of the losses (which should be interesting, given that Bush Week's measly budget currently stands at \$8,000).

Minor constitutional amendments followed (chiefly grammatical changes) and the possibility of two new offices (an Indigenous Officer and a Disabilities Officer) was also raised for discussion. It is expected that the SA will hold

a special OGM later this term to focus on the creation of these positions. Due to the dwindling number of members present, quorum was lost and so the meeting was closed prematurely - in a blaze of student apathy.

He's a Marked Woman *By Simone Gubler*

So what's all this jazz about the SA trying to remove your democratically elected representative? The Education Officer, Jessica He, has been accused by members of the Education Collective of failing to manage the administrative affairs of her department (a sacking offence). The agitators tabled a motion at the Students' Association recent AGM for He's dismissal. But the motion failed to have a hearing because there weren't enough people present at the AGM to supply quorum (there's a constitutional requirement that 120 ordinary members be present before an officer can be dismissed). However, those present at the AGM did succeed in passing a motion that the SA formally request He's resignation. If He doesn't elect to leave upon receiving the request, the matter will be taken to a vote within the Education Department - which also has the power to effect her dismissal.

Although He didn't attend the AGM herself, she produced a statement, which the Secretary read to the assembled members when the matter came up. The statement was incoherent and quite aggressive. He accused fellow Education Department members of not pulling their weight and the SA of failing to assist her or educate her about her role. However, according to accounts from the accused parties, both of these suggestions had little foundation in fact. The part of the statement that produced the greatest audience consternation and which will probably seal He's fate was her defensive admission that she was pro-VSU and felt that she had the right to hold that stance. The SA is so unified in its opposition to the policy of Voluntary Student Unionism that He must be considered an extraordinary thorn in its side, occupying, as she does, one of the policy powerhouses of the union.

However there's a little more to this story than meets the eye. Central to the cause for He's dismissal is Louise

Crossman - who spoke passionately at the AGM on the subject. He ran against Crossman for the position of Education Officer in last year's elections and won (followed by the joke ticket's Mathew Keneally in second place, with Crossman a distant third). Crossman was one of her ticket's least popular candidates - something demonstrated by the fact that many of the others in her party went on to relatively exciting victories or close losses. At the time, solid arguments were made that He was elected as the result of a protest vote against Crossman.

Crossman has been put forward as a likely contender for Education Officer if He disappears. This might settle the scores of the 2004 elections, but mightn't be in the best interest of the Education Department. One of the most striking commonalities between Crossman and He is their trouble with the English language - He's probably arises because she's an international student, Crossman's seems to occur organically (or so it might seem to those who heard her rant about "defunded" education on the National Day of Action).

Achievements Recognised in Cleaning and Greening ANU *By Pat Moody*

A staff member, a college group and a student were recently recognised as being driving forces behind the movement to keep our campus clean and environmentally friendly. The ANU Environmental Achievement Awards were given to Sylvia Ramsay of the School of Social Sciences, Fenner Green, and Robyn Unger of Bruce Hall.

They have been recognised by ANUGreen as contributing substantially to ANUGreen's goals of reducing, reusing and recycling, specifically, paper use and lowering water consumption.

Fenner Green, while presented with the huge obstacle of a high resident turnover, has managed to expand both its members and activities to produce massive improvements on its waste audit results.

Sylvia Ramsay single-handedly introduced a green campaign in the School of Social Sciences. While not originally considered a target of the uni-wide waste reduction program, Sylvia implemented a number of environmental procedures (the cost of which have come out of her own pocket) to significantly reduce waste at the School.

Bruce Hall owes a lot of its new Bruce Green environmental group to the work of Robyn Unger. She involved herself in the management of the various Green campaigns at the Hall from the bottom (folding pamphlets) to the top (introducing environmental officers into the Bruce Constitution), and for this she received a Certificate of Commendation



from the Environment Achievement Awards.

International Students Not Dumbing Down ANU

By Tim Caddey

Controversy continues following the *Sydney Morning Herald's* (SMH) coverage of universities that lower standards to ensure the continued influx of international students. SMH claimed that universities have become so dependent on international fees that overseas students can effectively 'buy' their degrees, which is at the cost of our education standards.

The reason given for this surge in the recruitment of international students was primarily the cuts introduced by the Howard government since 1996. International students, who pay all their fees up front, have been sought to make up the shortfall.

The claims of a reduction of standards made by the SMH include: a corrosion of written English standards, an increase of forged qualifications, and an increase in plagiarism.

However, the ANU's Director of Student Recruitment and International Education, Tim Beckett, claims that at ANU, international students need to meet the same standards as domestic students. He further went on to comment on the impact this has on ANU's recruitment procedure:

Our admission requirements are pretty well understood overseas and this means that we tend to recruit serious, committed students; we present ourselves as a serious institution with standards but one that provides good support services to international students. The result is that our international students don't perform much differently from local students (we monitor every international student's results each semester) and there's certainly no evidence that we can see that international students receive any preferential treatment in assessment - much the same proportion are required to Show Cause, for example.

Mr. Beckett also stated that the few incidents of plagiarism that he was aware of involving international students had been dealt with using the same standards and rules as for domestic students.

A Brief Summary of the Recent Federal Budget: A Student's Perspective

By Tim Caddey

On the 10th of May, Peter Costello handed down his tenth budget. There were very little surprises and very little good news for Australian university students.

Dominating the news coverage were tax-cuts. For students, who mostly fall into the lowest income bracket, they can expect to be \$312 a year better off. Opposing this,

News

however, is the \$4500 a year bonus professionals earning over \$125,000 can expect to receive. But since most students can benefit from \$6 a week (it's two cheap beers), this cut was welcomed by student bodies, including ANU-SA President Aparna Rao.

In short, the highlights and lowlights of the budget include:

- \$16.5 million will go to ANU's Institute of Advanced Studies.
- There will be increased Commonwealth Learning Scholarships.
- Childcare will receive additional funding, with a focus on after-school care.
- There will be \$45 billion towards health care.
- \$943 million will be invested in Centrelink's Newstart allowance, increasing the starting level to \$250 rather than \$142.
- \$9 million will go towards tutorial assistance for those in remote areas (a benefit for indigenous students).
- There will be an additional \$522 million going towards 'national security'.
- There will be no increase to universities' funding despite the sizeable surplus.
- There was no allowance in the budget for universities to cover services that will be lost under the current VSU bill.

The National Day of Action to Oppose VSU

By Alicia Page

On 28 April, over 200 ANU students marched across Civic in protest against voluntary student unionism on the National Day of Action. Coordinated by the National Union of Students, the day saw over 15,000 students, staff and community supporters' march in cities across the country, in vehement opposition to proposed Government legislation that will see compulsory union fees abolished.

The legislation, which, when the Government gains control of the Senate in July, is likely to be passed, could potentially mean drastic funding cuts to the Student Associations across the country and to services provided universally to students. For ANU students, this would stop everything from day-to-day discounts on Refectory food, and restrict access to free legal and welfare advice.

The National Day of Action, the largest nation-wide student protest since 1996, indicates the breadth of student opposition to the Government's proposed plan. In response to the turn out, NUS President Felix Eldridge said, "The huge turnout at today's actions shows that students do want to have a democratic voice... Today was the next step in highlighting the growing tide of community opposition to the VSU Bill."

The NUS have planned further action in the coming months to oppose the legislation, including another National Day of Action on 10 August, one month after the bill will likely be passed.

Penny Oakes: ANU's Dean of Students

Interview by Lucy Stackpool

Penny Oakes took office as the Dean of Students in January of this year, replacing Selwyn Cornish upon the completion of his contract.

Penny completed both a Bachelor of Social Science and a Doctorate at the University of Bristol (UK), before spending a year at Princeton. In 1983, Penny began teaching at Macquarie University before moving to ANU in 1991. Her recent administrative posts include being the Head of Psychology from 1999 until 2002 and being the Associate-Dean of the PhB in Science in 2004.

The position of Dean of Students comes under the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (DVC) of Education's office and involves two key roles. The first is helping students on a one-on-one basis, through providing a link for individual students to the administration. The second duty is representing the student perspective in various discussion and decision-making committees of the university. While this is a fairly substantial role requiring Penny to be a member of numerous groups and boards, Penny spends more of her time assisting students rather than working in university administration.

Student problems Penny helps with include, "where there has been a break-down between a student and a member of staff, and the student does not know how to handle that." Penny continues that, "where there is a difficult situation with students and staff I look at difficulties from both sides so that I can continue to represent students' interests and not be one-eyed about an issue... There is nothing that has happened so far that I haven't felt I could make a contribution to."

So how does the position differ from the other deans? It's mainly about assisting students on administrative matters, with Penny noting that, "very often the actual decision is made by the dean of the faculty." So for example, if a student was seeing Penny about an appeal, they would be requiring her advice on "how the appeals process works and what they should do. I advise them on how to pitch their appeal... and focus on mistakes they think the university has made." This is different from seeing someone about specific academic problems. Penny continued that, "students sometimes come to me with queries that should be asked to a sub-dean, such as particular problems with the number of courses a student needs for their degree, so often students will come to me when there are steps they should take before."

At the moment the Dean of Students is not explicitly involved with is advocating for better student welfare, making arrangements for student accommodation or assisting in plans for a better parking situation on campus. However,

Penny is keen to be involved in accommodation discussions, and more broadly wants to hear "more about what students' priorities are and what they need the ANU to do to make their experience in the ANU community better."

As a social psychologist, an issue Penny is interested in is identity. She explained that, "sharing an identity with someone is a powerful social-psychological phenomenon that gives you a particular perspective about the world. We all have lots of identities - we don't have one identity. Identity is a process in fact, it's not a thing - it's the process of identity that's important. While there are unique aspects to identity... identity is also about how we affiliate with some people and share their perspective, which leads us to like, trust and cooperate with them."

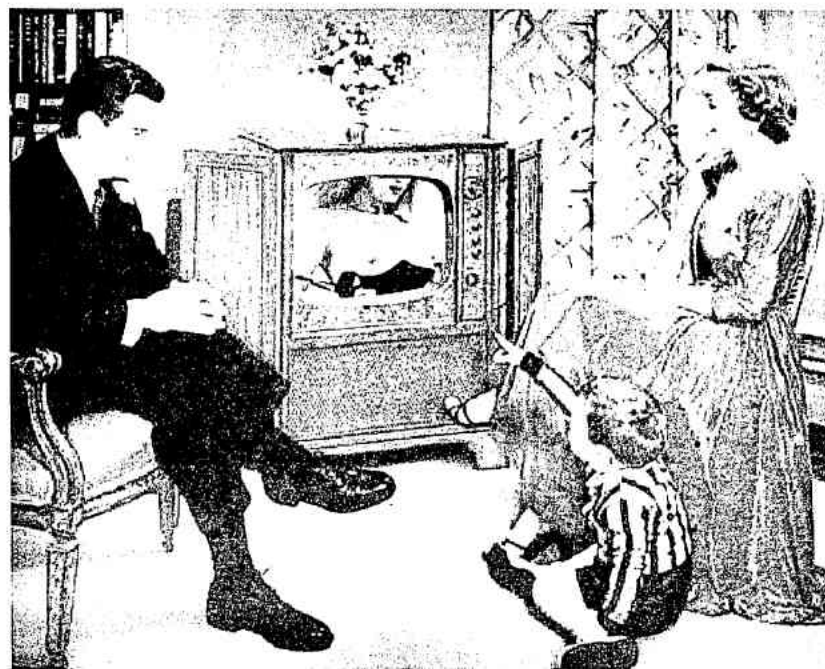
This idea is useful in understanding Penny's passion for a thriving campus community, as she expressed great pride for being a member of the ANU community. She, and the administration at large, aim to "strengthen the notion that ANU is a student friendly university. Research in the United States has shown that there is a negative correlation between the research productivity of a university and the amount of attention they give to student issues such as building a strong student community and offering top rate student services. We are determined to be a top-rate research university and the best in terms of student services,

"While there are unique aspects to identity, identity is also about how we affiliate with some people and share their perspective, which leads us to like, trust and cooperate with them"

student orientation, building a community, and emphasising the student experience."

So how does Penny think this priority will be affected with the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU)? "Because we're not sure of the legislation yet, we don't know how bad the damage is going to be... It's very important we make it clear to the government how very, very damaging the decision to introduce VSU would be... What VSU is saying is that 'we don't care about university communities, learning is just another individual commodity' and we're just not having that. That's not what the ANU is about. If people want that kind of education there are plenty of private providers for that - you can get a degree online and you don't have to have an intensive student experience. ANU is about giving people a really life-changing experience and creating a real sense of community."

Careless Whispers Tabloid



What better way to reaffirm an entertainment industries' raison d'être than an awards night - a glorious evening of bleeding nostrils and self congratulation! Awards shows are the perfect excuse for celebs to wax, slip on a borrowed frock, and let themselves be judged by viewer and peer alike. They exist in a myriad of vibrant incarnations - all the same, but no show is as endearingly shameless as Australia's own glam-a-rama-rama, the TV Week Logies! Careless Whispers snuggled up in our toasty single beds, clapped on the Bang and Olafson plasma screen and hit the record button with gusto. We penned this very special commemorative piece, so that those of without VCRs will be able to remember the highlights forevermore.

4b. Acceptance Speeches

Acceptance speeches are rare, unscripted moments in which we get to see the "authentic" celebrity, sans their puppet-master PR minders. It's a nerve racking thirty seconds for any publicist, and the celeb equivalent of base jumping. Predictably, the Logies has its share of casualties. Natalie Blair (who? Exactly!) unfortunately used up her entire 15 minutes of fame by rattling off name after name - for all anyone cared she could have been singing "this is the song that never ends...". We don't expect to hear from her again. Ever.

Gold Logie winner Rove caused a minor week-long titter by using "fuck" in his acceptance speech; sadly it wasn't the "You can all go fuck yourselves to hell!" career-ending kamikaze rant that we've been praying hourly for, but we got a kick out of saying "what the?" anytime dying wife Belinda Emmet showed up on the screen. It was horrific! Like watching a snuff film, but without the pathos. Like Paul Frank, they'll flog the brand until it drops to its knees, sick and exhausted, and dies.

However, to Careless Whispers' delight, the Logies also produced some refreshing subversions to the usual public handjobs most celebs serve up. One soap star showed appreciation for his Network by throwing in a plug for 'Lost' - a charming reminder that the Logies aren't a celebration of talent but of shameless self and network promotion! Not that you really needed reminding with all the Fructis Garnier infomercials peppered throughout the marathon four

hours.

6.11 Items

Speaking of subversion, only the Logies would be daring enough to create such a cart-wheeling head-fuck of an act that could be powerful enough to reduce drug use at the ceremony for years to come. Musical items usually act as simple fillers for the audience, a moment for a tired and emotional celeb to have some 'me-time' with needle of coke or for the viewer to flip channels or hit their kids. The Neighbours Wonderland Dream Dance, however, was an absurdist burlesque event of immense cultural importance. An enthralling rendition of the Neighbours theme song, it was performed by (wait for it) the entire cast of Neighbours, all dressed in white (WHITE!), complete with a rapping Harold and Dr Karl holding a stethoscope to a lawnmower. The Big Band finesse and Broadway sensibility left CW groaning for more! In contrast, Anthony "The Gerbil" Callea's exploitatastic Tsunami tribute (with projected images of the disaster) managed to transmute whatever compassion we had for Tsunami (Inc.) victims into utter disdain for those build-it-and-they-will-cry network 'moments'. Would have been twice as tasteful if he had sung his round three Idol song, 'Carwash'.

27.4.3. Fashion

The Logies always promises at least one fashion equivalent of a gang rape; a look that is equal parts tragic, senseless and wasteful. For many, what fitted that description was Ian Thorpe's hair. But Careless Whispers wonders how a culture that embraced nouveau-mullets could so quickly turn against its own? Shame Australia, Shame! We thought the cut'n'paste Italian Vogue look was fabulous on the metro swimmer! In fact, The Hair served as the only genuine Overseas guest to appear at the Logies, with each strand possessing more star power than those no-name American ring-ins combined.

Who Won Awards:

Who gives a fuck? It's all about the surface honey. Bring on the Apocalypse - bring on Eurovision!

Wonder Women:

Facing an Identity Crisis in Twenty-First Century Feminism

On the release of Virginia Haussegger's much-anticipated book, *Wonder Woman: The Myth of Having It All*, Amber Beavis reflects on women's lifestyle choices in our era of cut-throat careerism.



Virginia Haussegger is a familiar face in Canberra. With 16 years of international reporting behind her, she made the move to Canberra in 2001 and has been the face of our local ABC's TV news service ever since. But over the past three years Haussegger has been the subject, rather than the conduit, of news. In 2002, Haussegger publicly outed herself as "childless, barren and frustrated." She expressed her anger in an act of intelligent belligerence: an unsolicited opinion piece published in *The Age* under the title *The Sins of our Feminist Mothers*. Now let's get a few things straight. Firstly, the title was not of Haussegger's creation - we can thank a newspaper employee for that. Secondly, Haussegger is no post-feminist poster-girl. Rather, she is a woman who is perfectly happy to state unequivocally that:

I feel like a humourless feminist. No doubt it will come as a surprise to some that I call myself a feminist at all. But I do and always have. The fact that I've raised questions about the role feminism has played in over-cooking the 'have it all' quest has led some media commentators to infer I've somehow defected. I haven't. I've just strengthened my membership by holding up some of feminism's unintended outcomes for inspection.

The public furore that was incited by *The Sins of our Feminist Mothers* convinced Haussegger that Australian women had been short-changed. In the middle of her own fertility crisis she searched in vain for books that would reflect her own experience. When she couldn't find any her response was "why the hell not?" Three years later the result was *Wonder Woman: The Myth of Having it All*, a book that examines the aftermath of our mothers' feminist struggle and the repercussions it has had for us: women in our twenties, thirties and forties.

When, in 1975, Anne Summers identified two — and only two — categories of women existing in Australian culture, she termed them 'Damned Whores' and 'God's Police'. She famously described how women could be either the

repository for all mortal sin or a doyenne of all that is pure and good. If this was true of our society from the time of European settlement until the 1970s, what is the situation now? Consider the hysterical response of The Boys in parliament house to falling fertility rates (which hit an all time low of 1.73 in 2001) and the fact that 25% of Australian women are childless. Despite our dogmatic dedication to the idea that the women of Australia have moved beyond being categorised it seems that we've just upgraded our labels. Ladies, your choice awaits you: in this enlightened age you may opt for either 'mother' or 'career woman'.

As little as any of us would like to admit it, the 'choice' between motherhood and childlessness is one all women face sooner or later. For me, it was sooner. In 2002 (the year that I both wrote an honours thesis and edited *Woroni*) I was told that I had a condition that, while it would not make having children impossible, would make it pretty damn difficult. At the age of 22, the concept of having children was so far removed from my sphere of interest that this diagnosis seemed farcical. However, when I was shown the ultrasound of my poor ovaries — spotty with large numbers of not-so-excess eggs being thrown away left, right and centre — I began to feel that the consolatory remark of "well, at least you'll never have to worry about a pregnancy scare" was bloody insufficient (pun intended). My response to this state of affairs involved a little time and a lot of gin and the next morning I set the whole thing aside and kept writing my honours thesis.

At approximately the same time as I was looking at photos of my less-than-happy ovaries, Virginia Haussegger was expressing the magnitude of her pain at being told by her gynaecologist that, at the age of 38, she was "too old" and that her "fertility bits were probably bugged." She was clear in her anger writing:

I am childless and I am angry. Angry that I was so foolish to take the word of my feminist mothers as gospel. Angry that I was daft enough to believe female fulfilment came with a leather briefcase.

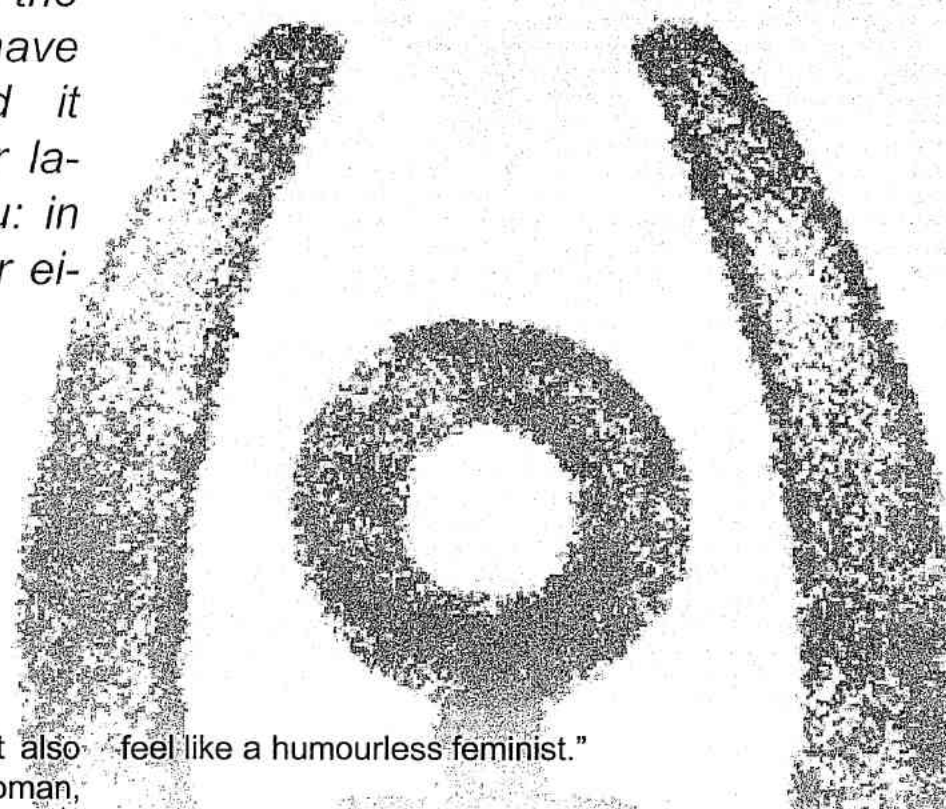
"Despite our dogmatic dedication to the idea that the women of Australia have moved beyond being categorised it seems that we've just upgraded our labels. Ladies, your choice awaits you: in this enlightened age you may opt for either 'mother' or 'career woman'."

Haussegger's article attracted its supporters, but it also had a number of very vocal detractors. In *Wonder Woman*, Haussegger describes the morning when, over coffee and croissants:

You flip open Melbourne's The Age newspaper and there you are. In dramatic black and white, a rather large photo of yourself, looking pathetically sad and lonely. And the headline screams, 'Meet Virginia, the woman many love to loathe'... Frankly, it was funny.

Since the publication of Haussegger's article, there have been three years of commentary, debate, outrage and sympathy. It emerged that "no matter where a woman stood, be she mother, mother-to-be or non-mother something was wrong... and, thankfully, once women are emboldened, we won't be silenced."

If the launch of *Wonder Woman* is anything to judge by, it's true that women will not be silenced. Held at the National Press Club, Canberra, the publication launch of *Wonder Woman* was introduced by the Shadow Minister for Health, Julia Gillard MP. Surrounded by a large audience dominated by women, Virginia Haussegger subsequently addressed the Press Club and, in doing so, became part of a proud Australian tradition. This event felt like progress. However, many things feel like progress: the 2004 International Women's Day address made to parliament by the National Party's Senator Julian McGauran, for example. This occasion — described in *Wonder Woman* — felt like progress until the point when the women present (remember: women are officially a 'minority group') raised a few small points of contention: the status of women's health and family planning. Senator McGauran responded by saying that he had thought they "would come into this parliament and celebrate the occasion [of International Women's Day] with a bit more generosity. But, no..." and so on, ad infinitum. Thankfully there was one woman, Senator Stott Despoja, who took the floor to say that, speaking from a pair of high heels, actually things weren't so hot and that "today, whether it annoys Senator McGauran or not, I



feel like a humourless feminist."

So what has gone wrong? Why is it that we can't 'have it all'? Why are women continually penalised for their choices, if indeed we ever knew we had them? Why is it that a woman's status as a thinking, working, being will often be qualified by the fact that she is a mother or a childless woman? For example, even though right here and now I am employing — amongst others — the trope of 'erotema' (ie. the employment of rhetorical questions used to distinct effect by oh, I don't know, Socrates, Cicero - you know, your average masters of debate and rhetoric), some readers will still compare the quality of my arguments to those of one Carrie Bradshaw of *Sex and the City* notoriety. What is responsible for the restriction of women's career advancement? Haussegger believes the answer lies in reform, not just of policy, but of culture.

One example Haussegger used to illustrate the point that both institutional and cultural change is required in this country was the pre-budget debate over government funding of IVF. She described the response of individual Liberal MPs to the government's proposed restrictions of Medicare funding of IVF as "terribly disappointing." This was given the fact that it has been obvious that there are a great number of Liberal MPs, for example, Brendan Nelson, who are strongly opposed to the idea of restricting IVF on the basis of age, however, they have not spoken out firmly on the issue. Haussegger responded to this by commenting that it's clear that "we have to have this dialogue...[but] it takes courage." It would seem that this courage is wanting in our MPs — particularly those who are women — who refuse to involve themselves in this latest bout of gender politics. High-profile issues such as IVF are only one part of the problem though. Of more concern is the more insidious misogyny that we know to be as Australian as VB. In illustration of this fact, Haussegger described a meeting she attended as the only woman surrounded by CEOs and other corporate leaders. When the issue of women being able to 'have it all' arose Haussegger noticed that while these men:



Believed — particularly for their daughter's sakes — the platitudes of “oh yes a woman should be able to have it all.” I detected a very strong sense here that they didn't really believe that women could rise up in their work places if they had children. That a woman couldn't really do the job... if they had children. That kind of thinking is going to require major cultural change — almost a national psychological shift. I mean, others have done it around the world so why is Australia so behind?

Of concern too is the lack of support provided for younger women by their more established female colleagues. Outlined in *Wonder Woman* is the example of Kirsten, a 31-year old lawyer who feels that children are not for her. She explains that “the feminist in me really objects to the fact that I see men in my firm whose careers are advancing when they have children... it is expected that a woman will give up her career [to have children] and that a man will advance. I don't want to perpetuate that.” Despite this, she “has no patience for female colleagues who try to ‘have it all’ and expect some sisterhood support.”

Haussegger also describes the hesitancy of women in prominent positions to engage in gender politics (she provides the examples of the BBC's chief news correspondent, Kate Aird, and actress, Helen Mirren. I won't recount details of these anecdotes here — you'll just have to read the book). As a younger woman just embarking on my career I wanted to know why so few women who are established in their careers will mentor women like myself — women who have not yet made the ‘choices’ available to them? Perhaps if we had more examples of life pathways available to us, we could be more informed in our decision-making? It works for the ‘old boys club’, so why not for us? Haussegger thought it might be due the fact that women who are currently in positions of power have achieved them by taking on more masculine attributes — by acting like men. I disagree. Perhaps this is the case in the corporate world, but what about in education and research circles? I suggest that women within academia, for example, have no culture of mentorship to draw from. There are too

“So what has gone wrong? Why is it that we can't ‘have it all’? Why are women continually penalised for their choices, if indeed we ever knew we had them? Why is it that a woman's status as a thinking, working, being will often be qualified by the fact that she is a mother or a childless woman?”

few women out there who will take on the (often thankless) task of mentoring their younger colleagues because they have no established framework to refer to. In this day and age of ‘publish or perish’ it's not likely that any such culture will develop out of the ether. It is the same old problem described by another Virginia — Virginia Woolf — in her treatise *A Room of One's Own*. Famously she describes how the men of Oxford feast on “bird and a bottle of wine” while the women of Oxford are confined to the pleasures of prunes and custard. In 1929 Virginia Woolf was clear that:

If only generations of women before her had learnt the great art of making money and had left their money, like their fathers and their grandfathers before them, to found fellowships and lectureships and prizes and scholarships appropriated to the use of their own sex... we might have looked forward without undue confidence to a pleasant and honourable lifetime spent in the shelter of one of the liberally endowed professions.

It seems that nothing much has changed, however, there is now dissent in the public domain and this, at least, is progress. Virginia Haussegger's refusal to “stop talking” has led to the publication of a piece of writing that, for the first time in a long time, criticises feminism with a believer's eye. In doing so she has produced a work that may very well become an important component of the all too small body of work that describes the female experience. And I, for one, applaud her.

Amber Beavis is a third year PhD student at the ANU in the field of Evolutionary Genetics. She edited Woroni in 2002.

Faculty Stereotypes:

How Do You Identify?

By Nick Beresford-Wylie

Ever wondered what distinguishes those students of your faculty from students of other faculties? Well here is a guide that will, hopefully, bring some clarity to your on-campus identity.

Faculty of Arts

Who are you? You are idealistic and politically active. Your age could range from anywhere between 18 and 65. You work at either a fast food outlet or in retail (and probably always will). At other times you are either a) spending your time in the Uni Bar discussing the relevance of Marxism and gender identity in contemporary society as this is preferable to actually attending class, b) attending a protest rally or c) organising a protest rally.

How you see yourself: You see yourself as a revolutionary, fighting for a cause and coming to terms with an oppressive, intolerant world

How others see you: Drunk. Raving. Unwashed.

Faculty of Asian Studies

Who are you? Good question

How you see yourself: There's an Asian Studies Faculty?

How others see you: Who knows.

Faculty of Law

Who are you? If you're not a mature-age public servant then you probably finished year 12 last year at a reputable private school on Sydney's North Shore. You are highly self-indulgent, ambitious and conceited; however you claim to be different from all those other Law students. You have a position on the SA. You have a private car park for your dad's old BMW. You have a double-room at college (Burgmann), which just doesn't have enough space for your collection of brightly coloured Ralph Lauren Polos, CDs and DVDs including the OC (both seasons) and high-powered computer.

How you see yourself: Intelligent, individualistic, accomplished, destined for great things including money, power and a political appointment later in your career (especially those combining Law with Arts).

How others see you: Elitist. Pretentious. Arrogant. Boring. Destined for a public service job.

Faculty of Economics/Commerce

Who are you? If you aren't an international student then in many ways you resemble an Arts student except without a social conscience. You love money, the feel, the smell, the knowledge that you will continue to make more at an exponential rate. For this reason you also hate spending money. You would sell your own mother, preferably at auction to maximize returns. Ever since you learned about 'Free-Rider' theory you have modelled your life around it.

How you see yourself: Disciplined, Efficient and deter-

mined to get ahead in a dog eat dog market. You stand-alone.

How others see you: Miser. Conservative. Extortionate. A free loader with no real friends because every relationship you have is one-sided.

Faculty of Engineering/IT

Who are you? Engineering: You love to build things: paper aeroplanes, bridges, door fittings, pipe bombs, wherever you find something in need of building. In fact your obsession runs so deep that you have neglected your hygiene and forgotten to shower for a week. IT: You don't like the light, unless it's the light emanating from your computer screen at 2am while playing Warcraft on a LAN network against your friends in a basement somewhere. You rarely attend classes in person as most of them are on the net anyway.

How you see yourself: Practical and hardworking (Engineering), a misunderstood genius (IT).

How others see you: Creepy. Smelling kind of weird. Hard to understand. Most will just try to avoid you.

Faculty of Medicine

Who are you? You finished your science degree two years ago and realised that aside from working for the ANU or the CSIRO, there weren't really any job prospects for you so you have undertaken a Medicine degree. You are sick to death of university, the students, the tutors, the classes the student magazine, and their writers. As a result, you spend your time in isolation in the medical history archives of the Canberra Hospital studying for your upcoming exam on the Salk vaccine and resistant strains of poliomyelitis.

How you see yourself: Tired, getting old and smarter than everyone else at university.

How others see you: They don't so long as you can avoid it.

Faculty of Science

Who are you? The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle states that it is impossible to accurately observe an object because observing it changes its nature. This is true of you. To your peers you would seem normal, however when they are not around you bury yourself in chemistry and physics textbooks. You obsess over all things particle, wave or energy related and have difficulty with anything humanities-related due to the unpredictable nature of such studies. You spend your time in either labs or the Hancock Basement (though you've never heard of the band).

How you see yourself: Full of potential, outgoing with an in-depth knowledge of the world and all its intricacies.

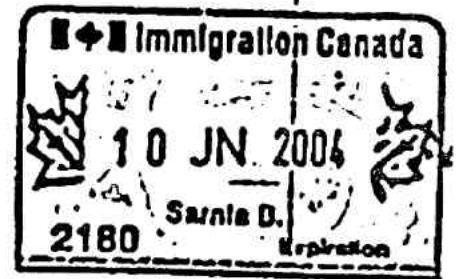
How others see you: Seemingly normal. Walking between the psychology building and the Hancock library. Wearing a lab coat. Discussing things that make no sense to them.



Identity Politics at an International Level:

Should We Be Happy About Becoming 'Global Citizens?'

By Emily Byrne



It seems that the rhetoric of modern times is increasingly focussed on a notion of 'global citizenship'. Everything from ads for Greenpeace to multinational corporations' mission statements now trumpets that being a 'good global citizen' is extremely important. It's one of those ideas that intuitively sounds very promising, but on closer examination looks much shadier.

So what does all this talk of global citizenship mean, and how far should we embrace the concept? It's clear that since such a variety of people are trying to appropriate the idea, a definition of it will be hazy, at best. A starting point is that becoming a global citizen would mean accepting some moral obligations towards people in other countries. Thus when Australians take part in the 40-hour famine, the Walk Against Want, or go to a concert in aid of tsunami relief, they might be said to be embracing the idea of global citizenship - looking after those in need, irrespective of where they live. At this level, it's very hard to find anything wrong with the idea of extending one's identity, by 'thinking global'.

In many ways, it's difficult to argue against an idea that encourages people to see themselves as part of something larger, and has the potential to bring a more unselfish focus to how they live their lives. It's also rapidly becoming a cliché that we live in an increasingly globalised world. There is a plethora of issues that should be dealt with, indeed, can only be dealt with, through extensive multilateral co-operation.

Despite this, the concept of global citizenship is dangerously flawed. It should not be embraced except perhaps at the most superficial level, to encourage people to reach into their wallets for African famine relief. Global citizenship can be used to encourage inaction, stifle difference of opinion, and detract from critical scrutiny of institutions and mechanisms to enforce human rights. Creating what Pendleton calls "globalisation rights" through identifying as global citizens is not an effective or helpful way to address current levels of inequality and injustice around the globe.

Many people champion global citizenship concepts to get people stirred up about injustice, to attempt to spur them into action on various issues. What tends to happen, however, is that good causes of action multiply exponentially with a global focus. Being a good global citizen demands that you not only drink fair trade coffee, but also donate to Sudanese poverty relief, write letters for Amnesty, refrain from using aerosols, boycott everything from Turkish apricots and Indonesian-produced paper to Nike shoes and Nestle products (or not, depending on whether you've forgiven them for their baby formula polices of past years). Any of these is a worthy cause. But the problem with a global citizen identity is that it will judge you unworthy unless you think about all of them. Charities in recent times have been complaining about problems of 'donor fatigue' - reluctance to give to causes because of frequent appeals for aid. Global citizenship creates the real risk of 'issue fatigue' - reluctance to contribute money or energy to any beneficial cause, as a result of needing to deal with too many problems at once.

In a time of increasing political apathy, and dwindling church and community organisations that once were more dynamic in raising local issues, it is worrying that too much identification with the rhetoric of 'global empowerment' could be a substitute for engaging with tangible local issues. Further, such an identity discourages citizens of States from putting pressure on their governments to take collective action in order to benefit other nations. Foreign aid levels of many Western nations are at record lows, and the possibility of increasing Australia's foreign aid budget (currently less than 2% of GDP) isn't even a blip on the national agenda. Many issues of poverty and inequality can only be tackled through large-scale and lengthy investment in infrastructure. Global citizens' affiliation with NGOs or one-off appeals such as tsunami relief will not create lasting solutions to such ingrained problems in the way that working through States could. Similarly, although on several occasions an 'international day of action' to protest against the Iraq war was organised, this achieved relatively little. Pressure on governments, or voting unpopular



"In a time of increasing political apathy, and dwindling community organisations, it is worrying that too much identification with the rhetoric of 'global empowerment' could be a substitute for engaging with tangible local issues."

leaders out, has better achieved the change of policy that the protestors sought.

Apart from encouraging inertia, it is dangerous that the concept of global citizenship simplifies important debates in the name of solidarity. At a global level, it is important to note that there is no forum in which citizens can act democratically. The UN is not and never will be a world government. The IMF and World Bank have long been the target of protestors for their lack of democratic accountability, the WTO is far removed from ordinary people's criticism. And only the Americans can vote for Bush. On the global level, people can go to anti-globalisation marches, but they can't vote.

What anyone means by 'anti-globalisation', though, is so unclear that the protests become meaningless. In a similar way, since there is no clear channel through which people can express their views on a global stage, they are forced to join themselves to other causes if they wish to be heard. This surplus of solidarity emphasises the powerlessness of individual opinions to influence decisions on the international level, and means that though global citizens do have a voice, all they can say with it is "Down with multinationals!"

Such amalgamation of causes leaves no space for dissent. This is especially the case with important but uncomfortable issues such as child labour, where there is general agreement that ideally it should not exist, but there are good cases both for and against banning it immediately. Global citizenship leaves very little scope for divided opinion. Rather than being an apolitical concept, it is in fact an anti-political one. It might be argued that the current 'globalised' status quo also gives very little scope for dissenting opinions, but the solution to this is surely not to mask such difference by insisting on an identity founded only on global considerations.

A final concern with an identity as a global citizen is that it encourages a focus on commonality, on the assertion that important rights exist in everyone, but can detract from attempt to uphold such rights. Professor Katherine Betts

writes that, "in general the global-citizenship perspective has much to say about international human rights but little to say about how these rights are to be supported and enforced." (http://www.abc.net.au/global/citizenship/citizen_betts.htm) The Department of Immigration and Multicultural Affairs used to claim that it was upholding Australia's international obligations regarding refugees by extensive contributions to human rights schemes including the UNHCR's resettlement programmes. This type of so-called 'global focus' enabled it to brand asylum seekers who came to Australian shores as 'queue jumpers', who could consequently be deprived of rights. Tied up with this is a tendency to devalue the rights that attach only to global citizenship. The way that refugees are treated is a very good indication of the true value that societies place on citizens without states. If anyone has a claim to 'global citizenship' it is surely refugees and other stateless persons who cannot claim protection of rights based in national identity. But global citizenship, as the concept is mostly used, is relatively unconcerned with bettering the lot of these helpless people, and is able to spotlight the 'global problem of people smuggling' at the expense of one group's rights.

Overall, then, a focus on general contributions to global causes allows global citizenship rhetoric to be used to mask more unpleasant realities. Thus it is perfectly consistent for a corporation such as BP to claim that it is a 'good global citizen' for instituting several specific community development projects in underprivileged areas, and use this claim to ameliorate its more patchy environmental record on other occasions. We should be cautious not to attach too much importance to the label of 'good global citizen', as it is susceptible to abuse by accentuating some cause, or someone's rights, at the expense of other patterns of behaviour that are less attractive. Since there is little opportunity for dissent as a global citizen, those who are concerned about global issues are better off identifying themselves, not as global citizens, but as national citizens with global concerns.

Canberra's Stagnant Cultural Revolution

By Leon Twardy and Lachlan Yeates

"See - live music's important, 'cause without that, what have you got eh? Pills, Techno, and Public Servants." – Ben (27).

The ACT Government is planning to spend five hundred million dollars on the "economic and cultural rejuvenation" of Canberra City in response to what the Business Council of Canberra calls the "urgent [need] of revitalising Civic." The National Planning Authority agrees, justifying spending by describing Civic as being in many ways an "anti-climax" with "landscapes and monuments... not matched by a cosmopolitan lifestyle expected of such an important national and international centre." However, arcane and arbitrary laws should perhaps be revised firstly, in order to allow Canberra's culture to thrive.

A perverted parallel exists when encouraging a thriving cosmopolitan centre through greater development, while out-of-date legislation is binding grass-roots cultural growth.

The Environment Protection Act (1997) states that the second time a valid noise complaint is received, any business in the Center of Canberra may not be emitting noise over 50 decibels after 10pm. The catch lies in that 50 decibels: it is the sound of a working air conditioner or a public servant yawning loudly - not exactly contributing to Canberra's "cosmopolitan lifestyle".

The reason that all businesses aren't being hit with noise pollution fines lies within the term "valid complaint". Complaints must come from a nearby-occupied parcel of land, thus ruling out the possibility of walking around Civic dobbing in shops, cars, fountains and rouge trees for being too loud. This would be reasonable if sensible town planning had been followed to date.

The National Capital Authority is responsible for managing the Commonwealth Government's interest in the planning and development of Canberra and it is their aim to revitalize Griffin's vision of "urbanity, cultural life and diversity of land use" through the achievement of a more compact, sustainable city form.

A "diversity of land uses" in a more compact city was probably not intended to create motel residences 18 metres from nightclubs, but that's what has happened. Examples include Toast Nightclub and the Waldorf, Three degrees and Novotel, The Gypsy Bar and oh, wait – the once loved Gypsy Bar has already been forced to close due to noise complaints.

The close proximity of these businesses with cultural out-

lets that require higher noise levels makes complaints inevitable, while the regulatory noise levels are almost impossible to comply with. Breathtakingly, 50 decibels is not the sound of a progressive city - it's more like the sound of a running fridge or farting lover.

If Canberra City is serious about a cultural revitalization of Civic then live music venues must be protected. What other medium so immediately promotes an interest in art than one that is literally driven into your brain via the eardrum? In all the domain of things aesthetic, intellectual, philosophical and emotional, when is high-culture more accessible than when you can dance to it?

It is currently fashionable in Canberra's business community to encourage spending to be directed towards large public works in order create a "sense of arrival" at Canberra's centre, but this gesture is hollow if the cultural substance and development of a city is retarded by cumbersome and constricting legislation.

An even more banal case of outdated legislation came to me from one nightclub owner regarding, of all things, people talking in public. In the case of people gathered in a public space that is also near private accommodation, Liquor Licensing has allegedly stated that "patrons gathering, talking, or getting a breath-of-fresh-air outside a nightclub should either go home - or back to the bar." Further, the responsibility of moving people on fell to the bar's owner.

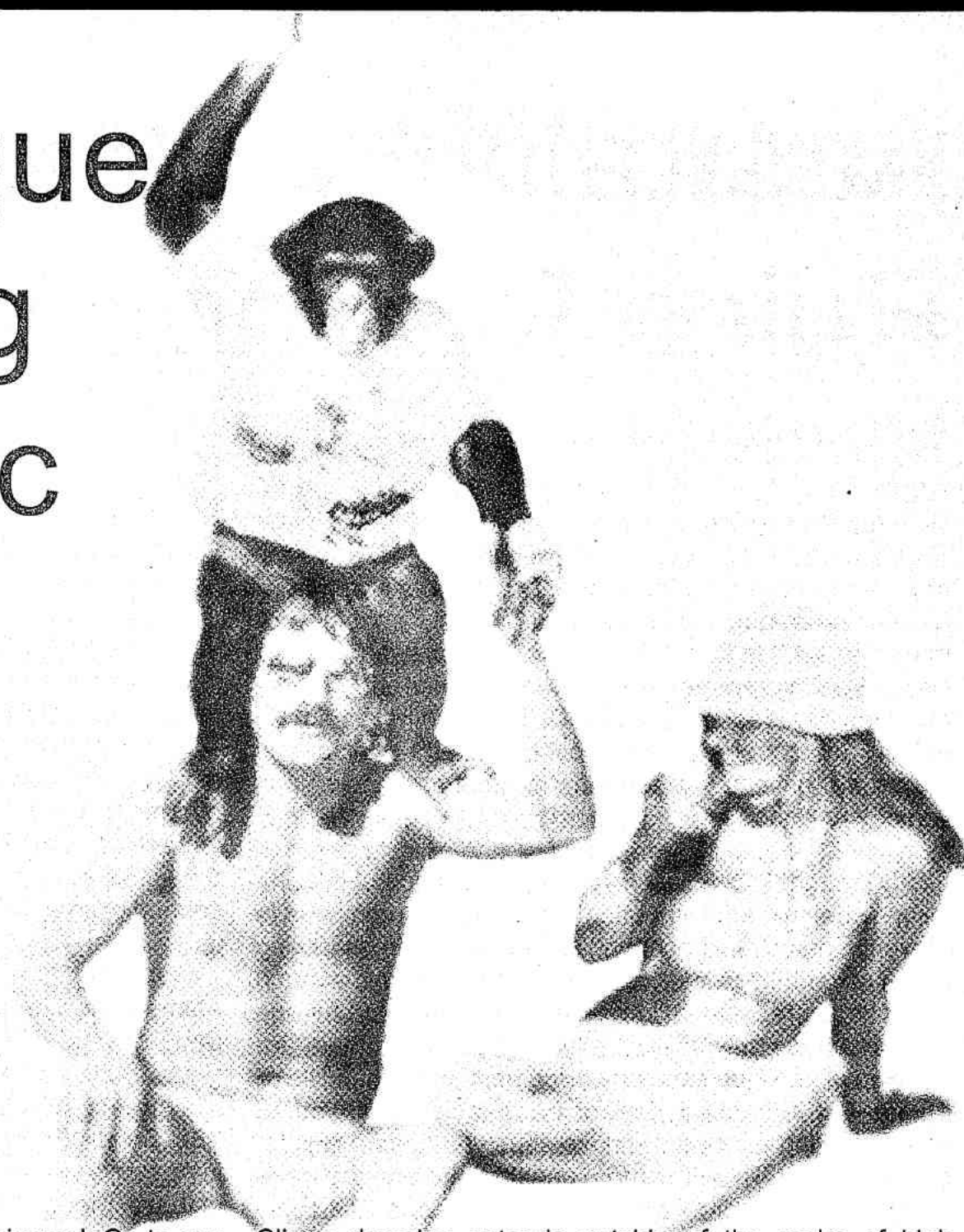
With accommodation existing above shops and in hotels throughout Civic, and plans to compact the city further, it is necessary to ask: does liquor licensing really have the power to demand people in public areas to "move on"? And where does the line get drawn - is Garema place to be deemed an unacceptable meeting place?

I don't pretend to know what exactly qualifies as a "cosmopolitan city", but I am fairly sure that businesses shooing away people from their fronts does not encourage a culture of vibrant city life. Similarly, it is incomprehensible that one complaining resident could have the ability to shut down a live venue.

I don't know if a compact city with thumpin' bass extending into a nearby motel room is what constitutes a "cosmopolitan" lifestyle, or if dance parties conducted in whispers will give us the cultural life that Canberra is apparently lacking. However, one thing is certain: governmental authorities will have to consider additional plans to just making more big buildings if our city is to ever escape the stigma of "just being a small town pretending to be a big city by just spreading itself out really far."

The Clique Dressing Epidemic

By Claire Low



Clique dressing is both rampant and universal. Go to any school at all. On uniform free days, or muftis, you will be able to place who is in which group just by looking at their clothes. The kids who are Elle Woods clones. The kids in black trenchies and Dr. Martens. The kids in bright orange Fubu. The alternative kids. The girls in the yellow spandex ra-ra skirts and pink boob tubes. The boys in muddy footy gear. The children who have gone for the beige and denim human wallpaper look, who are slouching around and hoping nobody notices them. All of these kids are expressing their identity, just by what they are wearing.

In my old high school, you could gauge how 'popular' a girl was by how low her ankle socks were. The uniform code demanded that socks covered the ankle bone. To drop below this point was to flout the authorities. If her socks were so low that they disappeared, and she wore Band-Aids where her shoes shaved off her skin, then her 'popularity' was off the charts. In high school, 'popular' really meant 'bad ass'. The sockless girls hung around with cigarettes in their mouths and their black bras showing.

The whole business of clique dressing reminds me of gangs in America in which you can tell who's 'yo brutha' and who to shoot just by colour coded clothes. Punk dressing, Goth dressing, princess dressing, pastel dressing: these are all ways to belong to differing gangs, full of dress rules and codes of behavior.

Clique dressing extends outside of the realm of high school. There are cults of two; for instance, mother-daughter dressing: maybe both are in duck printed dresses, white socks and straw hats and you want to send them both to bed without supper for this act of premeditated cuteness. This travesty is only trumped by people who think they and their pet should wear matching outfits (I'm talking to you, Miss Hilton). Only a certain person thinks animals look good with clothes on, and the poor animal hasn't got any say in the matter.

Couple dressing is another matter entirely. Often, people find themselves wearing the same outfit as their other half simply because they have very similar tastes. This is fine if it's a Bonds singlet and pair of ripped Tsubis apiece, but if you and your boyfriend find you are in matching silk negligees, then you have a problem.

We are all clique dressing. You, me, the whole world. We are all doing it. We are programmed to conform, to want to fit in. You might think you are being different and carving out an identity for yourself, but you are still finding your flock with the clothes you put on in the morning. Think about it: nurse dressing, Nazi dressing, blue collar dressing, country club dressing. We all want somewhere to belong, and putting on the gear that goes along with the group is one way to gain membership. Even the nudists have a clique; they band together in their nakedness. It's an 'us and them' world, and clothes will show you where everybody belongs.

Australian Pub Identity: Rules for Shouting

By Lachlan Yeates

Unfortunately, along with the destruction of many great Australian traditions by the encroaching American ideology, the concept of a 'shout' also seems to be falling out of favour. The amount of times I have gone out for a drink with friends and it has turned into a drink is somewhat beyond belief. Furthermore, the rampant insults offered, often by accident, has led me to the belief that the Australian public, particularly that of ANU, must once again be reminded of the usually unwritten rules of that ancient and noble tradition of 'drink shouting'.

Firstly though, there must be a brief description of the philosophy behind 'drink shouting'. The central purpose, is to prevent a drink from becoming a drink. Now drink-shouting works on mutual obligation, thus, if someone buys a round of drinks, there is an obligation on your behalf to buy one back. Now this may seem pretty obvious, but, if there are only two of you, you each buy a couple of drinks, and have a yarn. But if there are four or five people there, you all end up buying a round of drinks, thus you have a regular party going on. Thus, the more people there are, the more drinks, and the more fun. It is obviously a beautiful cycle that demonstrates the existence of God or several gods.

Now let's get this straight: these are theoretically unwritten rules, which, being unwritten, imply a certain amount of 'give'. The foremost effect of this is that drinks must never be 'counted'. Interrupting an otherwise enthralling discussion of whether Johnny Brainypants will be playing for the Bulldogs next year by asking the feller next to you if he has brought three or four drinks is a serious faux pas, more drastic than forgetting to give a laugh after farting. So, we have rule number one: *how many drinks people have bought is not important!* Mates buy drinks for each other. If a mate is down on their luck, and doesn't have the cash to buy you a drink, shit happens. He will pay you back sometime. If he has plenty of money and doesn't buy you a drink, there are two possible reasons. a) He hasn't got the gist of the rules, in which case you should show him this article, or b) he is not a real mate.

The next most important thing to remember is, *if someone offers to shout, it is their right.* There have been several times in the past where someone has shouted a round, whereupon the recipient of his politeness has grievously offended his benefactor by offering to pay for their drink. Under all circumstances avoid this. In this particular case, the uninitiated was only prevented from having his "lights punched out" by the timely intervention of the aggrieved party's mates. I don't understand how people, even those who have not picked up on how things work, could fall into this rather incredible hole. Would you give someone's

Christmas present back to them after a year? No. Would you throw up the dinner someone had cooked for you back onto the plate? No.*

Worse than a hanging offence is the despicable act of asking money for the drinks you have just shouted. Indeed, in many cases it means the revoking of all ties of mateship. The Vikings had a name for these kinds of people, "nothings", and "nothing persons" who could be killed by all and offered refuge by none – and it is indeed what they are. If you are so lacking in the common decency to commit such a heinous offence, I suggest ritual suicide to cleanse this country of your malignant stain, although the stigma will no doubt be attached to your family for generations to come.

At this point, it is necessary to make a brief diversion on the issue of what drinks are allowable. People will shout you pretty much anything, however some drinks are traditionally a no-go. To be safe, it is best to go with the traditional 3Bs: Bundy, Bourbon and Beer. There are very few places in Australia where people will pick you up for drinking any of these, though there is a slight bias toward Bundy in rural areas and Queensland, and a dose more Bourbon in the city. Beer is universal. However, different strains have their followers, much the same as footy teams. And Fosters sucks of course. If you are so foolish as to order a lemon Ruski, or worse yet, a Chocolate Mudslide, don't be surprised to find a straw in your drink. Getting a straw in your drink is pretty much a barely friendly insult to your adulthood. You can also cop a straw for a range of offences, including failing to drink when not skipper or for general punchy behavior.

As with any rules, there are always exceptions. One that must be mentioned is the rule relating to the skipper, often known as the designated driver. Now these worthy people are lending their services at great cost, and as such should not be allowed to shout. Physical restraint may be necessary.

Thus, as I have demonstrated, and described the methods of achieving, these rules must be adhered to and promoted; else the very fabric of our society will rip into shreds. It is your goal, mission - nay, it is your duty. Forget having six kids for Johnny, I want everyone reading this article to go down to the pub, and have one for you, one for your mates, and one for your country!

*Note: That said, throwing up the drink someone has recently bought you is not in any case a sign of offence. Indeed, in some, mainly rural, cultures, it is considered a sign of great respect.

Canberra: Ugly Duckling

By H.R. Nicholas

Are they serious? Yes apparently this is some grand new scheme of the ACT government to make things more efficient. It is cold and lonely, only a bit after 9 o'clock and there is no bus. It's called Flexibus. I've called and they say that if I wait until 10:30 there will be another. Flexibus, to my mind, is nothing but one in a series of ridiculous pseudo-policy decisions by the ACT government. I say pseudo because, at the heart of it, most decisions made by the ACT government aren't real policy decisions. They're what they think a policy should be and what they think a city should be run like. It's the result of a lot of people who don't have anything else to do but make the buses run on time, and it seems they can't even do that effectively.

I moved to this city when I was about nine-years old. Like most people who live in Canberra, I'm not from Canberra per se. I was living somewhere else until my family got a job here, and hay presto, viva Canberrans. After the end of my adolescence here I soon discovered that there was little else to do in Canberra besides, in Jarvis Cocker's words, "dance and drink and screw" (note: much more of the former and too very little of the latter). Not that this is unique in the suburbs; the same goes for most kids living just about anywhere in Australia. There is however a heightened sense amongst Canberrans of their own feeling of self-importance.

We are a city full of government employees and their associated clan (academics, journalists, lawyers et cetera). As Canberra is a government city by definition, we attract a class of people who fancy themselves as higher than others. We are made up of people who think they are wheelers and dealers and often society recognises these people as such. Whether or not any of that is justified is another matter, but the point is that this is the crux of Canberra. Though it is true that we possess a business sector, we don't really exist for that reason and never will.

What is fundamental in understanding the Canberra mindset is the fact that we presume that we are as important as we think we are. I say we only because it is the result of a very inward looking attitude that exists in this city. We are, as many people tell us, a large country town. Somewhere along the line someone decided to import a bunch of government workers into a dustbowl and call it a capital city. Ever since then, and more specifically ever since we invented self-government, things have made very little sense.

Nowhere has this ridiculously perverted sense of provincialism demonstrated itself better than the recent debate in Canberra over graffiti. The menswear store owner John Hanna said in the Sunday Times on April 17th in that if you think Canberra's city centre is beautiful, "so too must you

think the ugly duckling is beautiful." Okay let's begin at the beginning: what the fuck does that even mean? This is symptomatic of a place that elects spokespeople because they're willing to bitch about something that is potentially wrong with the place, and, let's face it, they have nothing else to run on the front page. Since when does the paper take direction from the owner of a menswear store? The article went on to voice gripes from people comparing Canberra to a third-world country because of its graffiti problem. Besides the fact that claims like this are completely unjustified, they are actually offensive and represent the kind of bubbled protectionism that a lot of morons in this city live under. The very fact that graffiti is the extent of our social ills should tell people that we have very little to worry about.

Canberra is the city equivalent of the rich housewife driven mad by inconsequential bullshit and a lack of anything else to do. The opposition spokesman on Urban Services, Steve Pratt, has even supported calls for the extension of the penalty for vandalism for a maximum of ten years. Let's put this into a bit of perspective shall we? The average sentence for a paedophile in this country is three years. How can you argue with logic that ten years for graffiti is justified in the face of John Hanna squeezing a washcloth on his forehead and sighing "oh the horror!"

The latest third-world issue in Canberra is that of the planning of Civic. This issue also produced another great headline by the Canberra Times, "Canberra's Broken Heart." It's fantastic that these people think that by restructuring the city centre you're somehow going to attract more people into the city for weekly "livin' la vita Canberra" mardi gras. What we have in Canberra is a series of castles spread out over a very large geographical area. As a result, not many people are going to venture from fortress Smith to go and partake in "city nightlife" when they can rent a DVD and sit in their warm house in Tuggers. Vibrant city centres work with populations concentrated in that area, which is something we don't have, and until we do, Civic is not going to change. The icing on this cake is the ACT government's plan to build a new Legislative Assembly building in the middle of the city as part of the 'revitalisation plan'. We all know that there is nothing that revitalises a city like a pointless government building.

Canberra created self-government because those who fill the city crave inane crap like creating more governments. There is no need for it. If the ACT government and opposition was killed in some dramatic dragon boating accident tomorrow, the bureaucratic apparatus would continue to operate, not knowing and not really caring which party it represented - as long as we continued to be periodically outraged by graffiti.

Xenophobic Obnoxiousness

Matt Dunstall reflects on student culture and how friendship groups push individuals into particular identities.

"I expected that university would be just one big café. There, I thought, I would have deeply philosophical conversations with people I didn't know about life, everything, and how freaking smart we all were."

Most commonly we identify ourselves through the things we dig: music, clothes, partying - whatever. But I believe that these things are simply symptoms of a more universal identification device - that of friends. We may initially be drawn towards people for what we like, but it is once we have a network of friends with similar likes and dislikes, there exists a self-perpetuating culture of identification. We are no longer afraid of becoming slightly obsessive over those parts of our identity because we feel we have support from a group who will appreciate the efforts we go to in identifying ourselves.

This phenomenon, although good in creating a support network, is quite destructive within the university community. I, like most people leaving school, expected that university would be just one big café. There, I thought, I would have deeply philosophical conversations with people I didn't know about life, everything, and how freaking smart we all were. But I distinctly remember this expectation being quickly shattered. University didn't turn out to be the loving, open, free, and friendly atmosphere I initially thought it would be. I quickly found out that there were just large groups of people who had been friends since high school. In the halls and colleges the groups were cliques from other cities, excluding everyone else through in-jokes and general unfriendliness.

Identifying ourselves through our friends perpetuated exclusive circles that are hard to expand or crossover into. It is rare that we see a Goth talking amicably to a neo-mullet toting thug. Certainly, there are many people around who are keen to continue discussions after tutes, and who, after meeting you once in a tute, will stop and chat if they pass you on Uni Ave. If you think about it, what else is there in this world? People make the world go around, and if you look at our society and see how obsessed we are with relationships and sex, you can see how much we are dying to be with one another. We yearn for contact with people. It was only after I started seeing a counsellor that I discovered my personal conflicts were caused by distancing

myself from others. I excluded people from my life, and as a result, copped the consequences. In the words of John Cusack's finest work, *High Fidelity*, "Call me shallow, it's the fucking truth."

In the last issue of *Woroni*, there were two articles that stressed the need for human relationships, and lamented on being, unfortunately, single. The articles gave advice on inviting potential mates out for a coffee or beer. I say, let's take it a step further. Why don't we just invite anyone? Invite those people who appear to be free after that shitty tute. Get them to talk to you about it. Listen. Don't just nod your head. All too often we assert our views without considering another's perspective. Better yet, invite the dick-head who always talks in the tute. And let him talk some more.

I absolutely abhor the coldness of students at ANU. It gets me down. And I know there are others too. Heck, even those PhD students were once undergrads. Now they are just lonely hacks divided from their younger brothers and sisters by a pay check. They want to get pissed and yell out about how *Architecture in Helsinki* reminded them of their year 10 drama class. They are human too.

So come on. Don't let your friends get a hold of your own personal identity. Because the beauty of it is that it starts and ends with you. Friends are awesome. It's great to have a support network of people with similar tastes to you and understand where you are coming from, but don't let that separate you from people of different walks of life. Don't let them create a clique that prevents you from communicating with other people. Because when you are going out with the same people week after week, you're not really a part of university life. Don't become that obnoxious group of people who embody everything that doesn't want to change. So get out there. I'll see you at the uni bar and we can talk about how I think Jeff Buckley is misunderstood and how Hallelujah was really a cover.

What's in a Name?

Brand Identity Baby!

By Katherine Urbanski



Imagine you're in a shoe store, and you find two pairs of shoes that you are trying to decide between (no, you can't have both). They both fit well, are the same price, are made from the same materials, and have a very similar style. One pair has no brand, the other is Prada (it's a hypothetical, pretend you can afford it). So, which do you choose? Unless you're in denial, you chose the Prada pair. Why? Because the Prada pair have an intangible advantage over the no-name pair – Prada's brand identity, or personality.

So, what is brand personality exactly? Basically, it's the 'human' personality projected by a brand. For instance, DKNY implies a young, busy/professional but easy-going, hip city slicker. Tommy Hilfiger implies an all-American, athletic young thing with an incredibly toothy smile. A brand can use an actual personality, such as a celebrity, or a mascot, to convey the brand's identity. Think Audrey Hepburn (elegance) for Longines watches, or David Beckham (professional, sexy, cool) for Pepsi. Alternatively, the brand can simply be tied to the products themselves and the marketing reflect the desired human attributes. Examples of this include the Bundeburg Rum polar bear, or Absolut Vodka's efforts to look sophisticated and fashion-forward.

Consider why brands bother to convey personality. Surprisingly, big corporations do it in order to sell more stuff. As consumers have access to more and more options, competition moves from price, product attributes and quality to more emotional ground. A consumer buys a brand with personality attributes they either have, or wish they had. Want to feel sporty? Try wearing Nike. If we bond with a brand emotionally, we are more likely not only to buy it – but to buy it repeatedly. Think about something you buy often, like you're favourite soft drink. You like the taste,

sure, but would you really be drinking it if it was packaged differently? Would you even have tried it to begin with? I'm sure there are many people on campus who are sure they haven't been sucked in by the evil corporations of the world. However, in all likelihood, if you have ever made a consumption choice, you have been influenced at some level by the brand identity of the products that you're choosing between. Whenever you make a decision about food, homeware, cosmetics, clothing, and even entertainment (books, music, TV and film), you're considering alternative brands, and your feeling about their personalities will often weigh in.

Now consider what's in the whole brand personality situation for you – the consumer. There's been a lot of controversy over the ethics of using sneaky marketing to shift product. I think this approach denies our responsibility as consumers. We are a savvy generation, exposed to advertising since our childhoods. We are able to weigh up ads, to seek more information than has ever been possible, and to compare between more products. We know that ads do not convey reality. We also know we create unrealistic expectations of ourselves if we buy into advertising too much. The truth is, we use brands just as they use us. We use the brands we choose to write a story of who we are. We convey that story to ourselves and others through our consumption choices. Want to seem sleek and professional for a job interview? Take an Oroton handbag. Wear Chanel 'Chance' to feel classy and cool. The gum and lipgloss you use, your haircut, your clothing – it's all sending messages. And don't we just know it. With this in mind, I invite you to take control as a consumer. The system is waiting for you to exploit. Happy shopping!

The Adventures of Woroni Man

Episode One: 'Choice'

By Mark Bryan

Our adventure begins in a small O'Connor sharehouse at approximately 8am on a Tuesday morning. The sun shone. Sprawled on a piece of lounge-room floor behind an unsavoury brown couch, Woroni Man slept.

The sun took this as a bit of an affront- it had been up all night working its way across the other side of the world and didn't see why anyone else should get to slack off. It poked Woroni Man in the eye with a sharp yellow finger. "Argarrspmmm... free the cuttlefish..." said Woroni Man, rolling away from the light. The roll landed him in a moist patch of something ancient and ungodly. He rolled back. The sun jabbed him again. Groaning, he got up.

It was a sadistically bright, clear morning. Woroni Man steadied himself and waited for the room to stop spinning. As usual, it didn't. Relieved, he commenced his search for a fresh pair of red undies. He found one hanging from the ceiling fan and slipped it on over the outside of his shorts. The red T-shirt that he had slept in didn't seem all that bad when he sniffed it, so he left it on and turned to seek out his famous green cape.

In the midst of the search one of his housemates - Sarah the science student - appeared in the room, switched on the TV, disappeared for a couple of seconds then reappeared grasping a litre or so of steaming coffee.

Sarah the science student was a wiry, erratic girl with huge eyes and a curious ability to move from point A to point D without anybody noticing the bits in between. Woroni Man turned towards her, "Have you seen my cape?" he asked. "Hmmm?" she replied from somewhere on the other side of the room.

"My cape," said Woroni Man, spinning around awkwardly, "have you..."

"Wow, look at this," she said, appearing beside the television. "Isn't that the guy you pinched the toasted-sandwich maker from?"

Woroni Man furrowed his heroic brow and set his steely gaze upon the TV.

"Indeed it is," he said steelily. "My arch nemesis, Baron Von Ubervamp, Minister for Education, Training and Evil." He maintained his gaze and added a little more steel.

"Why did you pinch his toasted-sandwich maker?" asked Sarah.

Woroni Man's face darkened, his jaw clenched.

"It was an Evil toasted-sandwich maker."

"But we use it now..."

"Shoosh, I'm trying to watch this."

On screen was an image of the moustachioed Baron, clad in a white lab coat, clipboard in hand, standing before a cluster of large bulky objects that were concealed beneath

a sheet. A number of reporters were gathered around but only one, a young impetuous looking fellow, was asking any questions. He seemed about to press some critical point when the Baron raised his hand for silence.

"Many have accused me of being out of touch with the student population," he said with a sinister smile. "Today I can prove them wrong. The entire inspiration for my new scheme was drawn from this letter," he flourished a small envelope. "And this letter was written by a student group from our very own ANU. I shall read it for you now:

Dear Minister,

Thanks awfully for all you've done to do away with that pesky student unionism. Your policies will finally give us students what we really want and need: genuine choice.

Once you've put an end to on-campus subsidised healthcare, students will no longer be limited to a single, inexpensive medical service. They will be able to choose from a diverse range of expensive services. Poor med students will find this particularly beneficial as it will encourage them to self diagnose and practice surgery upon themselves.

Likewise, law students will find that once subsidised legal advice is eliminated they will be free to either self-represent or choose from any number of private law firms with prices ranging from 'brazenly over-priced' to 'extortionate'.

Clearly your efforts are leading us toward a Golden Age of higher education and we commend you.

However, we have one criticism. We feel that your policies are not as broad as they should be. There are still many aspects of uni life wherein students must pay flat fees for services that they never use. For example, my fees contribute to the maintenance of the female toilets yet I have never used them. Similarly, there are thousands of books in the library that I will never read yet I am expected to contribute to their upkeep.

On a more insidious level there are many less-tangible phenomena that intrude, unbidden, upon our consciousness, taking up valuable brain space that we have chosen to devote to our respective degrees. Such phenomena include: flora, fauna, sport, alcohol, laughter, friendship and loud-mouthed student politicians.

If there is anything you can do to eliminate these barriers to our free-choice it would be a great service to the student community.

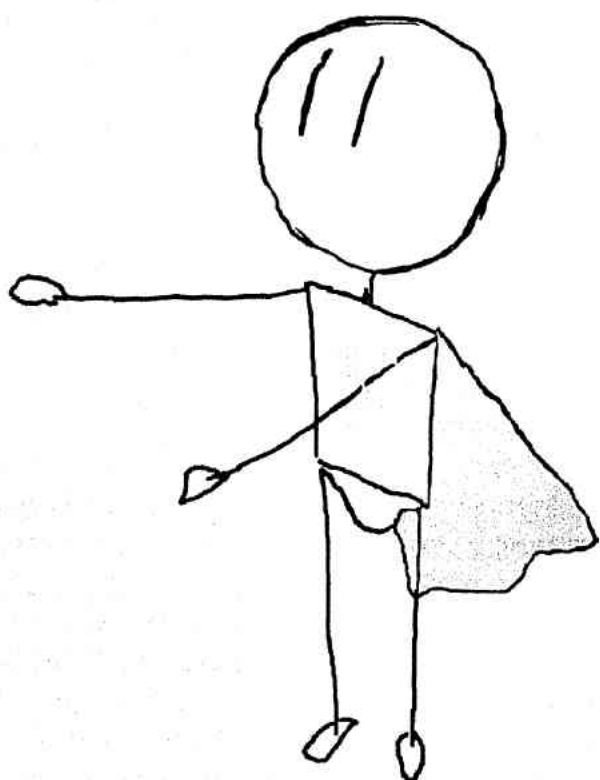
Yours sincerely,

SAC (Students Against Compassion).

*"Why did you pinch his toasted-sandwich maker?" asked Sarah.
Woroni Man's face darkened, his jaw clenched.
"It was an **Evil** toasted-sandwich maker."*

"But we use it now..."

"Shoosh, I'm trying to watch this."



So you see," said the Baron, stroking his moustache, "I hear the cry of our aspiring scholars and I respond. After reading this letter I contacted SAC and told them about a brand new scheme of mine. Naturally they were as excited as me, and only too keen to volunteer themselves as the very first subjects for the procedure."

"The procedure?" said the reporter.

"The procedure."

Baron Von Ubervamp placed his hands behind his back, closed his eyes and sucked a healthy portion of air through his nose.

"I'm a realistic man," he said. "I know the practical difficulties inherent in attempting to cordon off trees and friendships so as to isolate them within a nice, neat user-pays system. We are, after all, a government of finite resources. I knew that if I was to help these students, it would have to be in a simple, straightforward manner. So I operated on them, removed their brains and replaced their central nervous systems with a new silicon-based cybernetic network. I also removed much of their muscle tissue and skin and replaced it with an attractive stainless steel exoskeleton, available in a range of colours."

The Baron drew another breath.

"You what!" screeched the zealous reporter, shrugging off his colleagues' weary attempts to quieten him down.

The Baron narrowed his eyes. "I do not like to be interrupted," he said coldly. The crowd of experienced reporters paled and backed away from their impetuous fellow.

He's beyond saving now, they thought. It's best not to get involved.

But the rookie was unperturbed: "Do you mean to say that

you killed those poor students and then transformed them into a bunch of Frankenstein monsters?"

"I have granted them genuine variety of choice."

"You removed their brains!"

"Well, one must begin with a clean slate."

"But, but, this is illegal, it's immoral!"

"Nonsense, each removal was made by me personally and I am a fully qualified medical practitioner. Here, let me show you."

The Baron cast a burning sidelong glance somewhere out of shot and immediately the camera panned away from him, coming to rest upon the sweaty, shuffling crowd of reporters.

The Baron's icy voice could be heard faintly.

"You see here is the operating table, go on, lie down, get the feel of it from the patient's perspective. And this is the implement here."

The unmistakable schling sound of an unsheathed blade caused the reporters to wince. Some of them shut their eyes.

"And here is how it works."

A series of unpleasant sounds followed in this order: whoosh, schlunk, (a slight pause), rumble, rumble, (another pause), thump, thump, thump, rumble, rumble.

At that juncture the rumbling sound grew louder and the crowd of reporters - nauseously green and quivering - split apart and watched in horror as some unknown object passed below shot and rolled through their midst like a cricket ball on its way to the boundary.

"Right," said the Baron as the camera panned back towards him, "I'm starving so let's get a wriggle on. I present for you the students of the twenty first century!"

He whipped back the sheet to reveal four large, glimmering metallic figures. Each was about two metres tall, shaped like a human but flat, smooth and shining all over. Each sported an individually resplendent paint job: one red, one blue, one gold and one black. All had the letters SAC emblazoned upon their chests and a thin band of red light twinkling malevolently in the space where their eyes should have been.

"This," roared the Baron dramatically, "is what it means to have genuine choice! These students see, hear, taste, touch, smell and understand only as much as is absolutely necessary for them to survive. They will see, with a preci-

"Those of you who accused me of being out of touch will eat your words when you witness the glorious welcoming embrace that the ANU students shall offer me today. So, are there any questions - good, I haven't had breakfast yet. Has anyone seen my toasted-sandwich maker?"

sion far beyond our capacities, the size and shape of a tree or a beer but they can neither perceive that the tree is green nor discern the difference between a lager and an ale. They exist in a pure, unencumbered state, all choices lie before them on single, accessible plane. Observe!"

The Baron produced from his pocket a fresh and exuberant white rose. He brandished it in front of the blue SAC robot.

"You see, no response. This student's mental privacy is not so susceptible to invasion as is our own. Amazing? Indeed. But there is more. I have here this student's bank details."

He pressed a few buttons on a nearby eftpos machine that appeared to be plugged into the robot's left bumcheek.

"By simply making a small payment this student may choose to experience 'enjoyment of the rose.'"

Once again the Baron held the rose in front of the blue robot. This time the red band of light flashed brightly and a mechanical, American-accented voice emanated from somewhere near its chest.

"Gosh, that's charming."

It lolled its head to one side for about three seconds and then hydraulicised back into an upright position.

The Baron grinned broadly.

"And of course, that's not all. Rather than having to study for years on end, these students can obtain all the knowledge required in their chosen field in just a few minutes by downloading the necessary information directly into their new electronic brains. Unfortunately a demonstration of this is impossible because none of the students possesses the seventy three million dollars required for the procedure. Nevertheless, they are now in a position to make the genuine choice to earn that money and pay for their degree. And it is not just these students who deserve genuine choice. In about half an hour from now I will be making a special appearance at the ANU, where I shall offer to perform the procedure on any and all willing students, free of charge. These students have cried out for my help and I shall provide. Those of you who accused me of being out of touch will eat your words when you witness the glorious welcoming embrace that the ANU students shall offer me today. So, are there any questions - good, I haven't had breakfast yet. Has anyone seen my toasted-sandwich maker?"

Back in the O'Connor sharehouse the atmosphere crackled with imminent violence. Sarah the science student tel-

ported to a far corner of the room, expecting at any moment Woroni Man's customarily explosive rant.

But no rant came.

The world teetered in silent embarrassment.

Then, oddly, Woroni Man's eyes began to glow with a gentle blue luminescence. Out of nowhere it suddenly occurred to him that whilst the Baron's scheme was a tad extreme, there may have been something reasonable and legitimate about the whole 'genuine choice' argument.

For the first time ever in his whole tumultuous existence, Woroni Man glimpsed the other side of the VSU issue.

Horrified, he abandoned his cape and fled from the house. Snatching up his old purple bicycle, he wailed mournfully, beat his breast and tredlied away in a whirr of shock and gear-crunching despair.

What could this mean? Has our hero been brainwashed by the Young Liberals? Who will stand in the way of Baron Von Ubervamp and his villainous scheme? What was all that stuff about a toasted-sandwich maker? Find out in Woroni Man's next exciting adventure.



Theatre



"This production was great, but as a play centred around a particularly bloodied series of wars, it didn't conclude well going out on a hilarious song by a hunchback."

Bell Shakespeare's *Wars of the Roses*

Review by Michelle Bond and Lucy Stackpool

Poor Richard III. He gets the shit kicked out him by just about every historian until the twentieth century, and such abuses of character are still being committed since this production found it easier to put him in the evil-but-charismatic box (admittedly Shakespeare, who had clearly been reading far too much Thomas More, put him there). Despite our pro-ricardianism, this depiction was great. Richard had the second best hair, but definitely the best hunchback, and, in clever co-ordination with the grotty, violent punk look of the York boys, he had a nice medical-looking white corset.

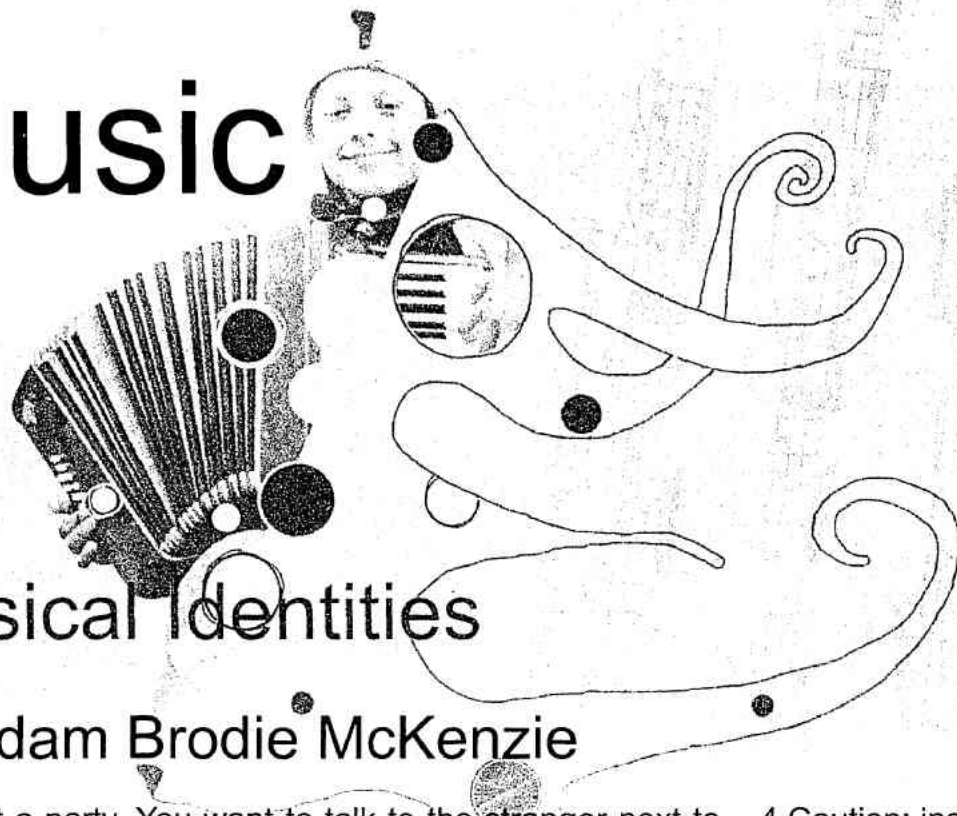
Essex shiela, French femme fatale, and camouflage were some of the other costuming that went on. The idle rich boys in faux sports clothes were a standout look, although the Adidas and Nike really ought to have been replaced by Le Coq Sportif for the French king and his followers, since the rooster is the symbol of French pride, and the brand name is in French. Another visual highlight was Henry VI's white costume, which, while being an obvious reference to innocence and purity, was imaginatively added to throughout the play to show Henry's developing maturity and wisdom (he began in a terrible white jeans and a t-shirt combo and gracefully died in a full-length linen kaffan). While some of the costuming was rather fab (Edward IV's commoner wife as an Essex shiela with pointy toed, high heeled sneakers and a zip-front vinyl dress), some of it was lazy. The somewhat villainous (although maybe just self interested) Suffolk, had a red jacket and tight black trousers, and despite taking best hair (upswept at front, mullet-esque from any other angle, and it wasn't a wig), just about every one in costume design class does this combination for their first baddie and gushes about the symbolic meaning of these dangerous colours.

It was a spartan and, as usual with Bell, a unit set - although this one seemed to be a little uninspired. It was tiring to watch the actors going up and down all those steps, particularly the larger ones used for seating. Further, the

set didn't lend itself to a creative use of lighting, which can often be one of the most spectacular aspects of a Bell production. The only truly notable moment for lighting was when a red wash was used during the murder of York, as it highlighted the drama of the scene in conjunction with the interpretative acrobatics of the actors. What the set did work well with was the sound. It was very effective to have drums on the edge of the stage, which were beaten by the actors prior to, and during, battle scenes. This really heightened the excitement of the scenes and worked well with the barren and linear set. Additionally, the sporting motifs that popped up (the war in France, Jack Cade's guernsey, the French costuming) seemed to support the bleacher-like effect of the set, but to support motifs isn't really the point of a set; it is meant to reinforce or be a metaphor for the themes or a character's mental state. Which is where the focal point of the set was good - the throne (in the guise of the CEO's chair for these corporate times we live in), centred and high atop the steps, a solid visual reminder of what they are fighting about.

As for the production at large, Bell's adaptation of the Henry VI trilogy was refreshing, but at times, haphazard. The first two-thirds of the production flowed very smoothly, however, the partial-addition of Richard III made the ending fun, but disappointingly farcical. This was problematic as it detracted from some great acting moments by, most notably, Greg Stone (as York), Robert Alexander (as Exeter), Joe Manning (as Henry VI), Richard Piper (as Warwick) and Georgia Adamson (who was excellent in various roles). That isn't to say that Darren Gilshenan didn't play Shakespeare's Richard III perfectly - he did, and was perhaps the most standout actor - it's just that while theatre should ideally contain both light and dark moments, this production, as a play centred around a particularly bloodied series of wars, didn't conclude well going out on a hilarious song by a hunchback. All in all, the play was excellent in comparison with contemporary Australian theatre, but did not feature in our top five Bell Shakespeare productions.

Music



Musical Identities

By Adam Brodie McKenzie

You're at a party. You want to talk to the stranger next to you. Music can always be a great ice-breaker and it can often also establish whether you have anything in common. But beware! What you say in a music conversation can encapsulate you as a person. If you want to make sure you get on well with the person you are talking to, then here are some things that will help you hit the right target.

1. Clothes:

Look at what they're wearing. In many cases someone's apparel will convey their identity and therefore their musical preference. For example, if they have many piercings and sharp objects protruding from their body, chances are they are a punk, but if they are wearing an op-shop suit jacket with badges on the collar, t-shirt and jeans then they will be retro-garage rockers and you need only mention The Strokes. Of course if they are wearing a band shirt then your job is done for you.

2. The Beatles

If you are struggling, a good ice-breaker is often The Beatles. This may be a little lame but it should get the ball rolling. Everyone likes The Beatles.

3. Triple J

It is best not to mention this radio station when discussing music. Some people really like Triple J. This may be because they think it's 'alternative' or whatever, maybe they just like the music (yeah, like that really happens). However, the people who hate Triple J will always hate it far more than the people who like it. They think it is sell-out commercial drivel that is no better than any other station - except it deludes itself with the idea that it has credibility. What is worse is to mention a band that has gone from Triple J to commercial radio. These bands have become pariahs. Do not mention any band ever that got number 1 on the Hottest 100. This is worse than being played on commercial radio.

4. Caution: instant branding

If you mention the following bands too quickly you have attached yourself to a particular identity so use them wisely: Metallica, Radiohead, The Strokes, Tool, Missy Higgins, Usher, Aphex Twin, System of a Down, Black Eyed Peas, Kylie Minogue, Blink 182, Linkin Park and Eminem. This may result in negative branding. Mentioning that you like Missy Higgins or any other popular Australian bands could portray you as one of those Triple J people who are deluding themselves. Radiohead and Pulp, although quite different, are cop-out answers and probably won't say much except that you're trying to be cool and 'alternative' and so are deluding yourself. If you are a Tool fan no one will talk to you except another Tool fan. If you like Blink 182 people will think you are 14 and horny. Don't say that you like Metallica. Even if you do like them, seriously don't. There is no way anyone can respect you at all. Real Metalheads will think you're a try-hard and others will think you're a metalhead. It is a lose lose situation. Mention Kylie and you are a mindless idiot who has no idea what music is except something you can grind your groin to.

Final Note:

If you keep in mind the steps above, then chances are you will be able to strike up a conversation with a stranger and leave unscarred. However, you have sold your soul. No one will really know what you are like and so you are a fool who should have just been yourself. Musical tastes may define what we are but they do not define who we are. Our identities now rise above the stereotypes. And if there's someone who thinks you're stupid because you like Evermore, who have clearly sold out, or won't talk to you if you listen to music after 1983, tell them to pull their head out of their arse and see the sunshine. As the Cat Empire say (a band that's cool to hate and trendy to like), music is the language of us all.

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Nine Inch Nails

With Teeth

Review by Sam Lonard

In 1991, Trent Reznor hit the world with *Pretty Hate Machine*; foreign for its time, but something new and exciting. Now, 14 years later, when most bands would be hitting the road for a reunion tour in support of a belated 'best of' collection, we're finally presented with the Nails' fourth (that's right, just the fourth) album, *With Teeth*, and we can't help but feel a little let down. When *The Fragile* came out, it was obvious what Trent had been doing with his time; it was an orchestral and atmospheric epic spanning two discs, and although it left a few fans behind, it was a bold and ambitious accomplishment. Listening to *With Teeth*, however, makes you wonder what the fuck he's been doing with his days. *With Teeth* is, at first, a very simple and unchallenging album, and career wise, would probably make more sense sitting between *Pretty Hate Machine* and *The Downward Spiral*. The songs don't have the same haunting ambience and complexity usually associated with the Nails, and 1980s influences that were always skulking in the background are finally brought to the forefront. It's on repeated listens, however, that you begin to get Reznor's point. It's not about the 'depth' or how many layers and effects you can add to one track; it's about the pure emotion and bare honesty conveyed in the simplicity of it all, and it's once you begin to understand this, that *With Teeth* comes into its own.



Ryan Adams and The Cardinals

Cold Roses

Review by Nick Craven

In 2003, it was one-day marriages. In 2004, it was Paris Hilton. In 2005, the thing everybody's doing is releasing multiple and/or double albums. Since becoming the poster boy for the alt-country scene with his debut album *Heartbreaker*, Ryan Adams has been producing records like some Catholic mothers produce children. The first of three releases slated for this year, *Cold Roses* is an ambitious double-disc opus that sees Adams tackling the soul-stirring brand of country he explored when he fronted the infamous Whiskeytown. His new band, The Cardinals, provide a luscious bed of intertwining pedal-steel, acoustic and electric guitar, cascading piano and swaggering rhythm on which Adams sings his honest, heart-wrenching lyrics. Famed for his love of a melancholic tune, the first disc collects a number of songs that contemplate the women he leaves and those that leave him. "Now That You're Gone" allows his diverse, cigarettes and sadness soaked voice to shine over understated instrumentation while "How Do You Keep Love Alive" is a morbidly romantic ditty underpinned by a haunting piano. On the second disc, Adams seems to have found at least some respite to his weary soul. The harmonica driven "Dance All Night" is optimistic and just plain groovy and the title track has an exalting gospel hook that Mick 'n' Keef would be proud to have written. Epic, tender and inspiring, *Cold Roses* is that rare double album that actually works, and Adams is that rare songwriter who actually transcends his own grand ambitions.



Weezer

Make Believe

Review by Chloe Persing

"Hi, this is Cliché Indie Snob from everyone's favourite hackfest, Woroni. Is Rivers there?"

Pause.

"Uh, speaking."

"Dude, **what the fuck?** I've been awaiting this album for some time now, and this is what you're offering to your fans? Are you fucking with me? Your album's opener/first single, "Beverly Hills," is utterly unoriginal – has Joan Jett threatened legal action yet? What happened to the Weezer I fell in love with (*Pinkerton* era) – a Weezer that rocked out in such unapologetic geek fashion. The only semblance to this previous sound is in the track "Hold Me" which sounds somewhat like "Butterfly" if you down enough hooch in such a manner that becomes alcoholic reprobates. And even though I never much cared for your bordering-on-orientalist lyrics, they still kicked the living shit out of "Perfect Situation." You can't pull chicks? Yeah, up my ass. Every girl in fucking Chuck Taylors, glasses, and with a side-part would go down on you in an instant if you showed an ounce of interest. Leave self-deprecation to the big boys. Now I know there's some degree of irony inherent in the tune "We Are All On Drugs," however I'm entirely convinced you pulled it off. Hey, don't fucking start crying on me here. Oh look, I did enjoy "This is Such a Pity," and not just because I can't kick my New Wave addiction. It's remotely catchy, and y'know, has stupid sing-songy lyrics that contrast with the upbeat nature of the tune. But if Mr. Malkmus also disappoints this month, I may have to trade-in my cardigan for a black t-shirt and become a fully fledged hardcore convert." Click.



Tori Amos

Live at the Sydney Opera House 14th May

Review by Mark Gatley

I was an impetuous bee child who dared to look upon the Queen. Making a shining entrance, the otherworldly singer-songwriter Tori Amos ran to her grand piano under the omnipotent atmosphere of a cheering devoted audience in the Concert Hall of the Sydney Opera House. Even this venue however was unable to contain Tori as she often floated from her chair, perhaps pulled by a higher being trying to take her home. Adding to the effect was the mighty cheer that would rumble like a stampede at the instant recognition of each song and then fade into a hushed awe. Throughout the entire set this awe never relinquished, as Tori simultaneously graced two pianos while singing or switched between both mid-song. Despite limited direct dialogue with the crowd, I believe all were drawn in by the siren calls and left with a desire to meet with Tori one day on her native ethereal plane. The Original Sinsuality Tour moved the following day (Sunday 15th May) to Perth, where I'm sure she provided another experience that will be difficult to eclipse. Let's hope that it is not another ten years before we are gifted with her next concert.

Information Technology

A Girl Like Kaycee

By Rachael Kendrick

Many years ago, when the Internet was fresh and new and LJ was but a twinkle in Brad Fitzpatrick's eye, there was a young girl named Kaycee Nicole. Kaycee was a 19 year-old gormless American girl who loved basketball, her mum and sunsets. She was also dying of leukaemia. Between 1999 and 2001 Kaycee's battle with cancer was detailed in her weblog, hosted by Randall Van Der Woning (or Big White Guy) and updated via email. It was sugary stuff but surprisingly addictive, and soon much of the blogosphere was in love with young Kaycee Nicole. People sent her gifts and she sent gifts back; many developed emotionally intimate relationships with her, calling her regularly and praying for her recovery. Her mother, Debbie, created a weblog in parallel with her daughter's. Through these two women, the world could see into the world of cancer. People were touched. It was a testament to the power of the internet to bring people together.

How sweet. Except Kaycee never existed, and when this was revealed countless people were emotionally buttfucked. I know because, beginning at the histrionic age of 16, I was one of them. Kaycee was the creation of Debbie, the woman presenting herself as Kaycee's mother, who claimed she'd only wanted to tell the stories of three people she knew who had died of cancer, an excuse few people bought. Before Kaycee 'died' speculation had already been rife in the now-defunct Metafilter and other bulletin boards and weblogs, while others, such as Randall Van Der Woning and colourful web pharisee John Halcyon Styn, adamantly defended her. A few days after Debbie reported that Kaycee died she sent Randall an email confession. Disturbingly, she has yet to apologise to anyone for all the controversy and harm she caused.

Or at least that's how people talked about it, and it's how I felt about it four years ago. Then again, four years ago I was convinced Tori Amos lyrics contained everything you would ever need to know about life, so it doesn't tell you much. Now I can see how the case of Kaycee Nicole, the

"Ah, the interweb, such a crazy place where people aren't what they seem and it doesn't really matter."

sweetest, bravest girl who never was, was a necessary wake up call for the blogosphere; a forceful reminder that, in the Internet, no one can tell you're not real, and if you aren't real, it doesn't really matter. In the aftermath, a few common threads emerged in people's responses. Most were outraged at being had by a sick, crazy lady, some called for revenge, others rolled their eyes and said they'd known all along. Interestingly, many said it didn't matter that Kaycee hadn't been real. She was a fiction, yes, but an effective one, and hadn't she made everyone feel? Hadn't she brought a little hope and compassion into everyone's lives?

So, is it useful to think of Kaycee as a neat little story, a tragedy complete with Greek chorus and a cathartic ending? Yes and no. Yes, because it's a damned good story; no because, for the most part, everyone thought Kaycee was a real girl. In our increasingly symbolic world, Kaycee Nicole and her 'mother' Debbie straddle a frail boundary between fiction and reality. In creating Kaycee, Debbie did something many do every day - she presented herself as something other than what she actually 'is.' She took part in the global game of pretend that is the Internet. That said, she took it more than a few steps further when she impersonated someone else's voice on the phone and accepted gifts from strangers. Randall, the man most injured by this whole palaver, even thinks his plans to fly out and visit were what triggered Debbie to fess up.

Ah, the interweb, such a crazy place where people aren't what they seem and it doesn't really matter. There's still a little bit of me who feels hurt by the whole Kaycee Nicole drama, but it's okay. Online, I can pretend there was an even bigger part that knew all along.

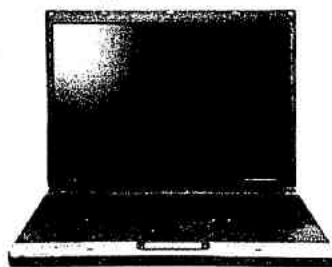
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Literature

The Anti-Hero

By Samuel Birbeck

Why are all my favourite lead characters in books and films anti-heroes? Bob Harris in *Lost in Translation*. Arthur Dent in *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Whats-his-name in *Fight Club*. Why do I relate to these guys? A tired middle-aged man fleetingly seduced by the spark of youth and the idea of a different life. The last human male cruelly tossed from planet to planet with never a moment to gather his thoughts over a cup of tea and, well, just come to terms with everything. The office-worker-turned-fugue-state-sociopath who finds a nihilistic solution to that feeling of being wasted, chewed up and spat out by the late twentieth century.

They're each of them lost. Each of them also happens to be the rare sort that, through fate or will, steps out of themselves and negotiates a different approach to life. It's not such a bad thing to relate to that, but it's probably better to have built up some sort of life for oneself before one proceeds to tear it down. I imagine there must be many others of us - a generation of guys who felt far too lost before they even had a chance to find themselves. And then I wonder why I just think of guys feeling like this. Most of my female friends exhibit the same symptoms - the mid-20s freakout about not having any direction. Maybe I've just been precious about gender because the representations I've been exposed to that I can relate to have all been male. Really, I relate to Charlotte as much as, if not more than, Bob in *Lost In Translation*, if I'm really honest with myself. (And I hope that, 20 or 30 years down the track, I don't relate to Bob at all).

Why do I feel like I've created this lost feeling out of the romance I felt when I read and watched these characters in their times of turmoil? I feel like so many 14-year-olds reading Sylvia Plath, thinking a couple of wrist scars will make their dark poetry that much more real. If I'm going to snap out of this I'm going to have to find a much better support group than this. No amount of philosophising over who-knows-how-many-bottles-of-red (and the rest) is going to help.

I'm not going to be saved by a gorgeous young thing who reflects my own hurt and confusion. I'm never going to have the excuse that my planet has just been blown up and so I'm having a pretty bad day, thank you very much. I'm never going to wake up one morning as a different person. Growing up is very fucking hard and the realisation that you can't just lift a blueprint for life from a book or film, that you have to draw one up yourself, is the scariest thing of all.



Tomorrow's Islam

By Geraldine Doogue & Peter Kirkwood

Reviewed by Patchy

Many of you may vaguely recognise the name Geraldine Doogue for good reason. She is the presenter of *Compass* on the ABC, and co-authored *Tomorrow's Islam* with her producer Peter Kirkwood. It is an extension of their original, and well received, *Compass* documentary which sought to explore the often unheard voice of 'moderate', or more accurately perhaps, 'progressive' Islam. As such, it is a book that is easy to read; structured as it is around their interviews with several leading, progressive Muslims from across globe, and throughout Australia. This dialogue is punctuated with their own reflections on the journey and the personal understandings of Islam in its complexity, which they developed along the way. So it is an accessible read for anyone who may not have a great deal of knowledge about Islam. After introducing the reader to their collection of interviewees, Doogue and Kirkwood then elucidate on their answers covering the breadth of Islam and its attitude towards terrorism, democracy, women, the West and reform. Finally, they discuss what these insights could offer as a way forward for a country such as Australia's, and how Muslim voices are to be heard rather than distorted by the visions of the fundamentalist (minority) who dominates our television screens. In this sense, Doogue and Kirkwood quite successfully managed a broad and at least initial understanding of a side of Islam that is under-represented. Kirkwood believes that "...there is a consistency in what they're saying, and there are common threads in what they're saying. It represents a substantial consistent sort of progressive movement within Islam." It is worthy of a read, indeed at least a browse, for ultimately it seeks to establish a greater understanding of Islam, allowing a greater rapport to be built in the wider community. As Doogue perceived in a recent interview with ABC radio, "There's a battle for the soul of Islam under way right now, and our argument is, we'd better join it."

Film

Megan's Favourite Murder Mystery Movies

Everyone needs a bit of mystery to excite their ordinarily dull existence - be it "Who's leaving me these sexy love notes?" or "Oh, the label has come off this can - am I eating dog food or tuna?" Murder mysteries are primarily centred around revealing someone's identity, namely that of whoever has done a wee bit of stabbing, maiming or strangling around the place. Personally, I am a big fan of the old murder mystery - from dinky looking Agatha Christie adaptations to your mainstream psychological thrillers. Here are just a few diverse, but good, ones to get you started. Like a box of Roses, I feel there's something here for everyone.

8 Femmes/8 Women

Francois Ozon

It's quirky, it's French, it's completely fun. There's singing and dancing, murder and mayhem - what more could you ask for, really? Some beautifully satirical cinematography backs up a deliciously twisted plot, with some juicy surprises along the way. 8 women, including Isabelle Huppert (*I Heart Huckabees*) and Ludivine Sagnier (*Peter Pan*) become stranded in a snowy cottage, and must unravel both a murder mystery and some scandalous family mysteries. As many things do (or should do), it all turns quite sexy. Stylish and sassy, *8 Women* combines my two favourite genres (the musical and the murder mystery) and though it may be a miss for some, it's a hit for me. Give it a whirl - it also has girl on girl. Dorky trivia: Virginie Ledoyen (*The Beach*), who plays pregnant Suzon, was pregnant in real life also.

Clue

Jonathan Lynn

This is one of my all time favourite movies, murderous fun with puns galore. A little dated now, *Clue* is a crazy comedy based on the board game "Cluedo," or "Clue." Tim Curry (*The Rocky Horror Picture Show*) wonderfully plays the sardonic butler and the mish mash of familiar characters, from Professor Plum to Miss Scarlet, are all there and all up to their old tricks. A mysterious dinner party in a spooky mansion quickly turns to murder after secrets are revealed and weapons are handed out left and right. There's twists, turns, and three alternate endings. The pace is fast and plots unravel one after the other. It's all ridiculous and implausible, but well thought out and wonderfully witty. "Nobody - there's no body. Mr Boddy's body, it's gone!" Don't let the terrible voice dubbing turn you off, either. Ridiculous trivia: In the movie, Professor Plum works for World Health Organisation, part of United Nations Organisation - or UNO WHO.



Rear Window

Alfred Hitchcock

This one is a definite favourite, and pretty much sheer brilliance in celluloid form. Starring the eternally gruff Jimmy Stewart (*It's a Wonderful Life* and *Vertigo*) and absolutely beautiful Grace Kelly (*To Catch a Thief*), *Rear Window* tracks the wheelchair-bound discoveries of Jeffries, an adventurous photographer temporarily crippled and with a dangerous habit of spying on the neighbours. Naturally, murder soon rears its ugly head and enthusiastic witness Jeffries, with some outside help, must uncover the sinister truth about one of his neighbours. Aside from having countless essays written on its use of voyeurism, *Rear Window* contains some great one liners and is in my opinion Hitchcock's best film. Fascinating and clever, it's the secondary stories of Jeffries' other neighbours that really complete the film. A great mix of comedy and suspense, *Rear Window* is more than worth a look. More useless trivia: Hitchcock's famous director cameo occurs in the songwriters' apartment, with him winding a clock.

Kiss the Girls

Gary Fleder

Who hasn't seen this? If you haven't, crawl out of the hole you're in, stop eating that can of unlabelled dog food and get with the program. Okay, so maybe not everyone has seen it, but *Kiss the Girls* is one of the good psychological thrillers, for those of you not into French, Hitchcock or comedy movies. Not exactly a murder mystery (my brain is too tired to think of more), it's based on the James Patterson novel and it's your typical serial killer fare - kidnap pretty girls, rape and murder them in the most gruesome and sensationalist manner possible. Of course, before things go too downhill, Morgan Freeman (*Along Came a Spider*) breezes in to the rescue with a cute but troubled sidekick, Ashley Judd (*Double Jeopardy*), who managed to escape this particular deranged psycho, known as Casanova. Things take a darker turn and the killer is revealed in the required climactic action scene, but unlike some 'thrillers' it's not too laughable. Last piece of stupid trivia: Morgan Freeman's part originally belonged to Denzel Washington, big surprise. Denzel had to pull out so Morgan stepped in.

Downfall

Review by Pat Moody
See it at Electric Shadows



One doesn't go into a war movie by Oliver Hirschbiegel (director of many episodes of Inspector Rex) and expect a dark, twisted examination of the various perversions and lunacies of the crumbling Third Reich. I walked into the cinema knowing only two things; that the director had been involved in a police dog series and that the poster for the movie looked intriguing. I walked out of what is, in my experience, the most frighteningly lifelike analysis of the mind of Hitler and his closest associates.

This movie revolves around the Battle for Berlin, the final crushing blow dealt by the Soviet Red Army in April 1945. This allows for massively violent scenes of rapacious destruction and CGI effects enhancing the cataclysmic nature of the battle. Rather than take this line, however, the majority of the film showed Hitler's command bunker under the Government district. The scale of the fighting is still cleverly implicit through the use of excellent sound effects and the constant influx of desperate-looking, bloodied extras. Instead of choosing to examine the battle itself, the film explores the interplay and political manoeuvrings of the faction leaders who surround the Führer. Primarily examined from the perspective of Hitler's private secretary, we see the powerplays and desperation of characters surrounding a maniacal leader who swings between depression, fury and denial, as the remnants of his empire implode around him.

The success of this film is primarily due to its casting, as the subtleties of the plot required the cast to deliver, convincingly, a dark and brutal side of human nature. Bruno Ganz, who played the lead role of Hitler, managed to convey the hateful and intimidating ruler without caricaturing him, which Ganz attributes to having studied an unauthorized film of the Führer in conversation with a Finnish Field Marshal (Hitler did not permit photographs of him except at official functions). Ulrich Matthes played a disturbingly gaunt and frightening Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, whose supporting role was flawless.

This is not a film the viewer will walk away smiling from. It is a movie that examines the human capacity for denial, and the dark side of love and devotion. It portrays dangerous people in desperate circumstances, and how collective madness can overwhelm our rationality. If you want a brilliant movie about descent into madness and betrayal, don't see anything by George Lucas, go see Hirschbiegel's Downfall.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

Review by Adam Brodie-McKenzie
See it at Hoyts



Upon entering the cinema a young girl sitting next to my friend told him that she was so excited that she had even brought a towel. My friend looked a little perplexed because, as far as he knew, there was no need for a towel as they were not going to watch a porno. I was about to inform him that according to The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, the towel is the most useful thing a person can have. Before I could however I was looking at Arthur Dent's house about to be bull-dozed. I couldn't believe it. It was finally here. The adaptation of one of the greatest stories of the twentieth century had arrived to the silver screen. Only, I was the only person laughing. That's not strange really as I tend to laugh at everything even if it's not very funny. This wasn't very funny.

Somehow they had turned one of the most popular, witty and satirical novels of our time into a Disney-esque romantic action movie. The dry, bitter, sarcastic, elongated intellectual wanks that were Douglas Adams' staple were nowhere to be seen. Oh God, I was so depressed! Utterly puzzling is that Adams himself wrote a considerable amount of the the screenplay. I have heard some state that the essence of the original was still in the movie. I would tentatively agree but since when was Douglas Adams about essence? He wasn't. He was about witty wankalicious drivell!

Surprisingly, the movie was not all bad. The visual effects were amazing. It was nice seeing the story come to life in a less tacky way than the TV series of the 1980s. The film also had some small gems for the Guide fanatics. It was great that they used the theme song from the original radio show which got the phenomenon started, and it was also nice seeing the original Marvin from the TV series in a line on the Vogon homeworld. However, it was still scatty and fast-paced, battling between being intelligent and authentic, and being a sell-out blockbuster.

Nevertheless, it was the film manifestation of one of my favourite pastimes (reading the novel, not hitch hiking around the galaxy) and I couldn't help but feel a little excited. I was glad the young girl had brought her towel.

Art and Photography

Art Report

By Sarah Firth

"What he has captured on video is the food fight in detail. Each section of the film starts off with a solitary person in front of a coloured screen with food being thrown at them. It may initially sound quite juvenile to be enthralled by such a work, but the really beautiful thing was that the artist slowed down the film."

I have just found out that a lot of people who aren't regular gallery trotters don't know that just about all entry to exhibitions in Canberra are free, except for the main exhibitions at the NGA (\$10 if you are a member). If this has been stopping anyone from getting off their bum to see some great art, now you know. Also as a general rule, if you want to go and visit an exhibition and you aren't sure of the opening days or times, the safety bracket (when things will definitely be open) is from Wednesday to Saturday between 12pm and 5pm

There have been some exciting new developments with the planning of Art Core – Canberra's creative convergence. This event was originally scheduled to be held on the 30th of April, from afternoon on into the night, but it has now been moved to late August. Rachel Funari (editor of LIP magazine) and Karina Utomo (designer of sickinmilk fashion) have pushed the date back because they managed to get an unexpected Youth InterACT grant of \$1500 to enhance the development of this project, which means that the whole thing will be bigger, well organized and have a better venue. Also, for contributors there is more time to have a think about material and ideas and get your projects together. They require a breadth of young people across all creative areas who are motivated and interested in showing off their talent, throwing around ideas and creating opportunities to meet other creative people. If you are interested or have any questions contact: editor@lipmag.com or karina_utomo@yahoo.com.

FuturePlay from the House of Tomorrow at the NGA Children's Gallery comprised of six interactive and engaging works of art. These included as an interactive sensor controlled carpet made of balls that wobble and move as you step on the mat, and there is Zizi the affectionate couch, which is a big, shaggy, red, vibrating and growling pet couch that responds to your movements when you sit on it. The work Slow Service by Marcus Lyall was one of my absolute favorites and I spent a very long time watching his work, sitting on the warm growling couch. What he has captured on video is the food fight in detail. Each section of the film starts off with a solitary person in front of a coloured screen, who then has food thrown at them. It may initially sound quite juvenile to be enthralled by such a work, but the really beautiful thing he has done is slow down the film, so that one second of real time is extended into forty seconds. In doing so, the projected food (be it soup thrown at a girl, meat pies being smashed all over a gentleman's head, peas, tomato soup and more), takes on a beautiful

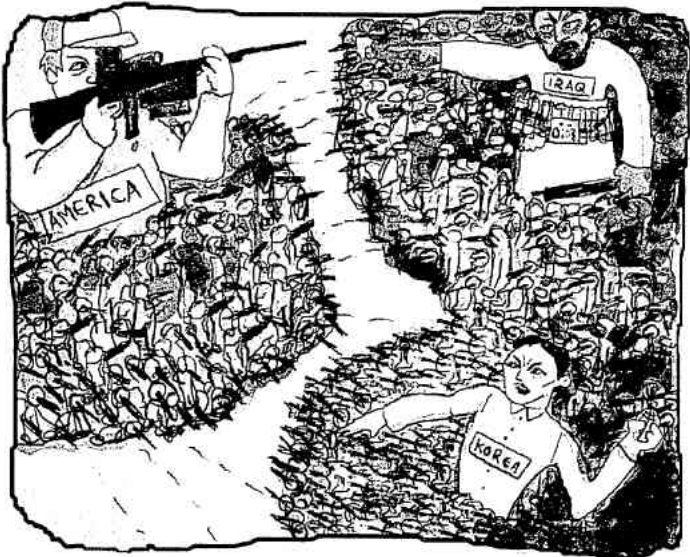
dynamic physical property. With time, gravity, human reaction and space slowed down the simple physics and the fluid, spatial properties of how these foods behave when projected through space and their rebound and contortion off the people's heads is simply stunning.

In the NGA main gallery are the exhibitions: Grace Cossington Smith, A Retrospective Exhibition 1892-1984, and James Gleeson, Beyond the Screen of Sight. These will both continue showing until the 13th of June. The adjacent exhibiting of these two artists was a very, very strange idea on the part of the NGA and I know that it has really frazzled and annoyed some people. I visited the Grace Cossington Smith exhibition first, which was so refreshing and gloriously sunny. She is considered to be one of the pioneering Modernist Australian artists of her generation, and I found it actually quite moving to read in the first section of the exhibition that when she was a young woman, her father built her a small studio at the bottom of their garden in Turramurra as an affirmation of his deep belief in her potential to be a great artist. All of her works have a deep feeling of humility and openness to them, as though she was never trying to impress or wow anyone. Her approach is so honest and curious with her sketches of the growth of Sydney, her world and people in it, showing her great skill and sensitivity. Grace Cossington Smith's later domestic interior paintings, which she is most well known for, are stunning in their mix of a kind of impressionist and pointillist technique. This was the first time that I had viewed her works and I was struck by the energy and vibrancy of her brush strokes that looked like harmoniously vibrating particles of matter.

To have just been uplifted and refreshed by such perceptive and deeply joyous works, stepping into the James Gleeson onslaught of surreal, psycho-landscapes throbbing with homoeroticism and dark desires is a bit like a slap in the face. I really feel the pairing of these two exhibitions disrupts the enjoyment of both. I still believe that his work is amazing, despite the many grumbles I have heard from people. But after the Grace Cossington Smith exhibition his work seems excessively dark, disturbed and seething in comparison to her bright, clear work. However, in the exhibition was an interesting quote from Gleeson, which provided an interesting link between these two exhibitions, despite them seeming like two totally opposed artistic worlds: "A rose and a virus are equally part of the reality of nature. They are just bits of the Cosmos."

Comic

By Sarah Firth for Woroni



Sarah Firth 2005

**Express your
true identity.**
Impact Comics stocks
a huge range of T-shirts.



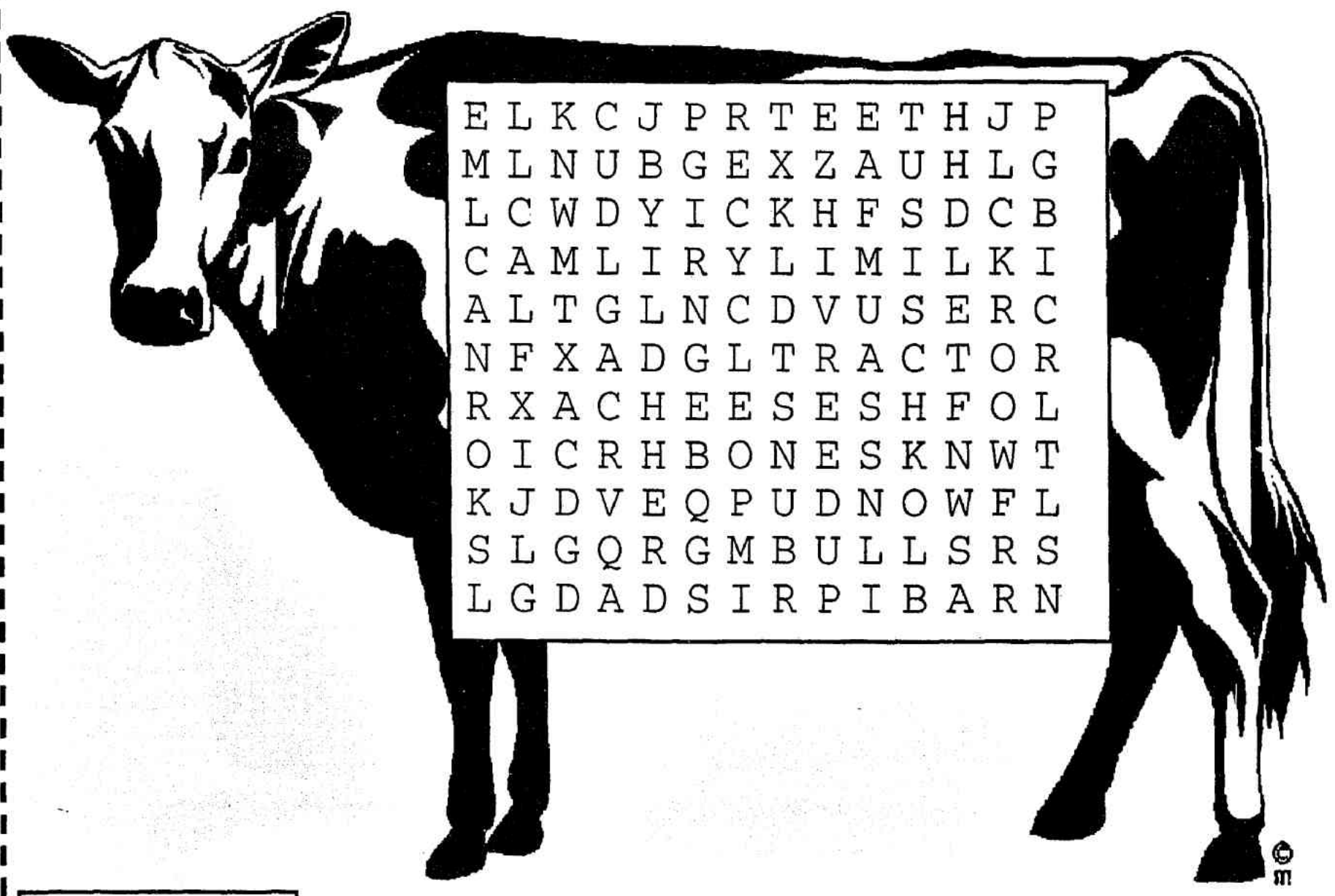
**IMPACT
COMICS!**
civic bus
interchange

Name: _____



Activity Sheet-5

Using the words in the WORD BANK find and circle the dairy farming words on the letter grid. Then, use the words to finish the sentences.



- WORD BANK**
- HERD
 - TRACTOR
 - CUD
 - RECYCLE
 - CHEESE
 - CALF
 - BONES
 - BULL
 - MILK
 - BARN
 - TEETH

1. Used to pull machinery on a farm. _____
2. Place where cows eat and sleep. _____
3. - Something farmers do with leftovers products that is good for the environment. _____
4. Drinking milk helps to make strong _____ and _____.
5. Male, or boy cows, are called _____.
6. A group of cows on a farm is called the _____.
7. A cow will usually chew her _____ 45-50 times before swallowing.
8. A baby cow is called a _____.
9. A dairy product that is used as a topping on pizza. _____
10. A white drink that tastes great and is good for you. _____

Prose Page

Woroni loves poetry, especially if it's from a 'developing artist'. Please email us your profound thoughts, so that we can spread your pain across campus: woroni@anu.edu.au

A Response To Reflection On "Single?" by Anonymous Girlie

By Anonymous Boyo

I met you
In my first tute (second week, first year)
You sat across from me: you had a lot to say
I hadn't done the reading.
All I read that week was
Your body language

He inspired me to do the reading
(which I did) and
He inspired me to go lectures
(which I did
but then I left)
In those minutes
between arriving at my lecture and leaving it
I searched for him
The sea of other first years drowned my chance to see
Him

I felt bad leaving the lectures
Maybe you would sit down
Next to me
And profess your undying love
(for political science
but that would be enough)

I hated Howard for him
I called in sick at work to do an essay (so
If he amiably asked me how I went
I would sound impressive)
I protested against VSU because of him
I stopped watching CSI Miami
So I had more time to think about him

I couldn't (can't) speak to you directly I
Had to rush off to another class and if I didn't...
[If] Intelligence is the ability
To hold two
Contradictory truths
(and still function, questionably)
You empower[ed] me
I want[ed] to talk to you
I want[ed] anything
But to talk to you

(He was too cute)

And I never could find you in a lecture



A Neil Diamond Renaissance

By Joel Jenkins

If you've ever wondered what that old classic song that is invariably played on commercial radio, I can tell you the answer will more often than not come back as Neil Diamond. This 70's and 80's folk legend is too good to be true. My fascination with the man behind such great albums as 'Neil Diamond's Greatest Hits', 'The Best of Neil Diamond' and 'The Neil Diamond Collection' started some months ago whilst in France. I was with a mate on a road trip of epic proportions in the country where the moustache is king. It was a borrowed car, the radio was broken... we resorted to ruffling through the contents of the glove box to reveal one tape... a mixed tape of Neil Diamond. By about its eighth time played, we knew we had found a winner. Many times later we found we could not get enough, cruising around the country side at 160kmph (they have no speed limits on the motorways) and screaming the words to such songs as Sweet Caroline, Kentucky Woman, Tennessee Moon and Brother Love's Traveling Salvation Show. The catchy guitar riffs and the poetic vocals all add to the experience that is Neil Diamond. So I urge everyone out there, bring this legend of folk back into modern music and proclaim the respect that is rightly his. Who knows... you might actually enjoy it! For now however, au revoir!

Bad Poetry

By the Dark Prince

Bad poetry is like medicine that doesn't heal you.
But isn't that the point -
Of good poetry?
Yeah I'm cool.
Yeah.



GO DIRECTLY TO
<http://ip.anu.edu.au/examprep.html>
 ANU

PARENTING ROOMS For Students & Staff



The University provides two new parenting rooms.

- Chifley Library, 3rd floor
- Acton Early Childhood Centre, 22 Balmain Cres.

Features of this service include:

- Key card access for privacy
- Baby changing table
- Nappy disposal unit
- Privacy screen for breastfeeding
- Comfortable chairs
- Kitchenette

For information on accessing these new facilities please contact Equity & Diversity staff:

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 E: EquityandDiversity@anu.edu.au
www.anu.edu.au/equity



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HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?
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Where Does Our Identity Rank?

By Aparna Rao

We've been praised as Australia's foremost university, and criticised for flaws in administration and complaints processes. The ANU is an interesting combination of brilliance and mediocrity.

What does this mean for its undergraduate students? What importance is attached to the ANU's teaching and learning experience? And how much of this experience comes from our out-of-classroom activities?

The ANU has excelled in research, placing Australia in the world's top university rankings. Now it needs to translate that success into something undergraduate students can see. To make sure nothing is researched that we don't also teach. To give greater importance to those who impart knowledge, not just to those who research.

This is possible with a supportive University administration and students who see the value of studying at the ANU. Something of the ANU's world-class ranking, albeit research-driven, has permeated into the undergraduate consciousness. We like to say we are at the 16th best university in the world and the best university in Australia (*The Times Higher Education Supplement World University Rankings 2004*).

Yet the number matters less than the universities that surround us in the list. Our campus experience is comparable to that at Oxford (#5) and Cambridge (#6), where compulsory membership supports the Cambridge and Oxford University Student Unions, both pre-eminent student representative bodies.

At Harvard (#1), the compulsory general services fee is about \$US1900 (\$A2500). Clearly, the world's best universities realise the importance of compulsory access to student representation and services. This realisation makes a university unique, vibrant, and attractive to the best staff and the best students. The absence of this realisation turns universities into factories, producing degree certificates as passports to the workforce.

If we follow the Federal Education Minister's plan, where students only come to university to go to class and sit exams, because they have neither the time nor the opportunity to do anything else, we lose that uniqueness and attraction, and with them, our international standing.

I say this because I look at Harvard and Oxford's extra-curricular opportunities and universal membership, and I see this reflected in their international reputation.

I say this because I've heard it from Australia's Vice-Chan-

cellors, whom I would expect to support Voluntary Student Unionism (because voluntary membership makes it harder to create an organised representative body and thereby interfere in university decisions). But they do not support VSU. They fear the destruction of campus life.

To compilers of university league tables (ie rankings), campus life can be one means of fulfilling the criteria used to determine rankings. The Times' criteria were: peer review, research impact, faculty/student ratio, and international orientation (number of international students and faculty members). The ANU's large percentage of international students and academics was clearly a factor in its ranking. Unsurprisingly, universities have long been aware of the international factor's importance. The Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee (AVCC) states that "universities should ensure that the academic programs, support services and learning environment... encourage [international students] to have a positive attitude about Australian education," including "on-campus international student networks" (*Universities and their Students: Principles for the Provision of Education by Australian Universities*, December 2002). With fewer or poorer quality services, we can expect fewer international and domestic students to find the ANU attractive.

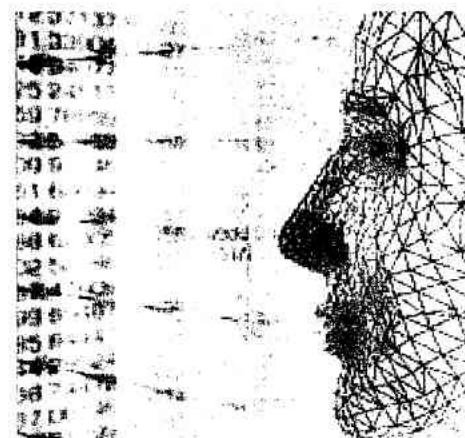
While campus life is not directly accounted for in every official ranking, it is undoubtedly a factor in all unofficial rankings, in students' choices when conducting their own assessment of our universities. This is acknowledged: "universities are acutely aware of the need for... a good 'campus culture'... If [VSU is] passed, Australia would face the very real risk of losing its competitive advantage ... to compete with comparable universities overseas for the international student market" (AVCC, Senate VSU Inquiry, 1999).

If the AVCC's fears come true, can we still be proud to say we attend the Australian National University? What in this description tells what we have achieved, the self-expression and knowledge we have gained through a variety of activities? We forfeit these achievements if the club we are members of ceases to exist, or if lack of representation results in the loss of distinctive policies beneficial to students. We can't say that we have gained more than just a degree from the ANU.

I do believe that our time at university is an epoch in our lives. I've heard it from older and wiser people who usually say: "enjoy your years at uni, you'll appreciate them later in life." I intend to – and I intend to do everything I can to give all students the opportunity to benefit as well.

Why I Am Proud to Identify As a Socialist: and Why Patrick Moody Should Identify As a Wanker

A reply "Student Politicians: As sexy as a fist-fucking video starring Amanda Vanstone." By James Higgins.



Despite popular belief, Socialists aren't (necessarily) raggy-haired, poorly dressed, socially inept loonies. Socialists believe that:

- a) capitalism is exploitative and oppressive,
- b) this exploitation and oppression will end through radically democratic decentralised ownership of the means of production (i.e. workers own all the factories, machines, and land), and
- c) because there is a layer of very powerful people who profit from capitalist exploitation, the only way to get rid of capitalism is through well-organised, grass-roots workers revolution.

Socialists are against racism, sexism and homophobia, against all wars and against all attacks on people's right to self-determination.

Despite what people may think about Socialists or Socialism, I (and other Socialists like me) are proud to be Socialists. We see no need to apologise for wanting to create a more equal society. We see no need to apologise for wanting to change the world.

Citizen Moody decided last issue to portray socialists as "minority Che wannabes who've hijacked an Education Department (Ed Dept) meeting to promote the agenda of their particular Socialist group." To answer this criticism, and to ensure that his brain can cope with the criticism, I have three points (yeah Pat, I can hear you laughing already).

Firstly, Citizen Moody is a member of the Ed Dept by virtue of being a member of ANUSA. I have never seen him at an Ed Dept meeting. One might suggest that if Citizen Moody was committed to education activism, he might do the Ed Dept the courtesy of showing up. If he is as pissed off at the direction of the Ed Dept as he seems to be in his anti-socialist wankfest, and this pissed-off-ness was motivating enough to ejaculate words on to a page, then it should have been motivating enough to get Citizen Moody's arse to a meeting. I understand Citizen Moody's need for external validity has manifested itself in an attempt to earn small-i-independent-slash-debating-society (is there a difference?) street cred by dissing people who discuss real ideas in real forums, but if he is going to make this criticism of the Ed Dept and the direction of education activism at the ANU, why not show up and make a real difference?

Secondly, my comrades and I do promote the agendas of our particular Socialist groups in the Ed Dept. We, as Socialists, believe that education should be free. We, as Socialists, believe that grass-roots organisations of ordinary people through unions can effect real change. So, promoting our 'Socialist agenda' in the Ed Dept has involved in recent history three main things (that, again, was for Citizen Moody's benefit) a) being involved in campaigns to stop HECS increases; b) campaigning for universal student unionism; and, c) using the student unions to express our disapproval of the Liberals. While these three things may seem completely outrageous to Citizen Moody, amongst students these have generally struck a chord.

Thirdly, it is not the fault of the informed, enthusiastic people that there are uninformed and apathetic people. As a member of Socialist Alternative, I spend at least an hour and a half of my week at a stall talking to students about particular issues. Why? Because we believe that if students are going to unite to create real change they need to be informed about the issues facing students, and as people who know what VSU stands for, we can talk to other students about why it's bad and what they can actually do about it (I imagine the thought of actually doing something about a perceived problem is quite beyond Citizen Moody's capacity). Yes, we might be trying to sell Socialist Alternative magazine, but we try and sell the magazine after engaging students in real conversation about political issues, and we respect people who don't want the magazine but want to talk politics. If people walk by our stall still not knowing what VSU stands for, then it is not our fault for their not being in an Ed Dept meeting to plan the next step in the VSU campaign.

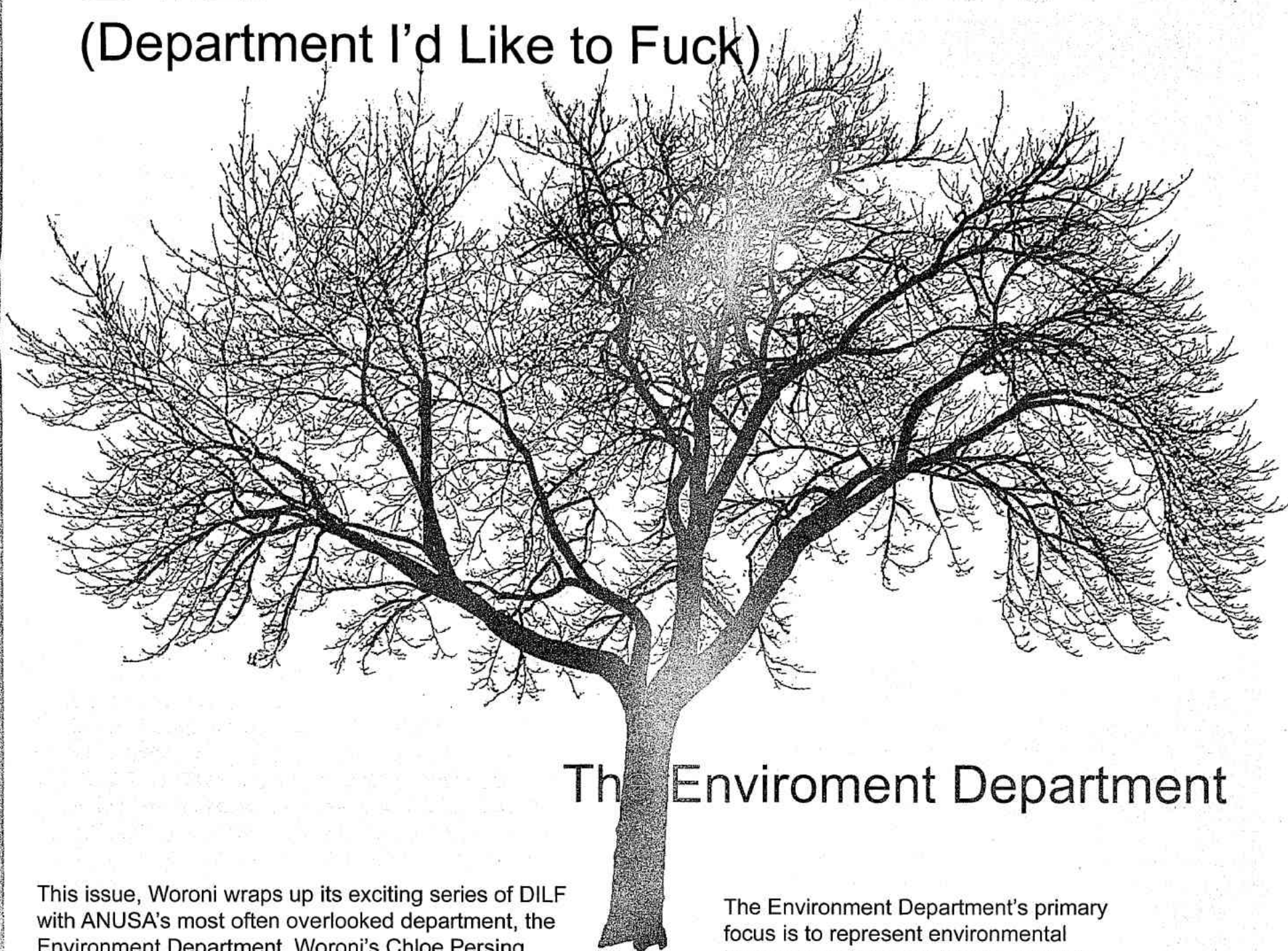
As a final slur to Citizen "I-am-so-fucking-informed-but-doshit-all-about-it" Moody, members of Socialist Alternative aren't Che wannabes. Maybe one thing you could do to inform yourself is to find out the difference between Marxists and Guevaraists and at least have the decency to start calling us Karl wannabes.

For anyone interested in getting involved in the Education Department, the meetings are in the Students' Association building – the big white building above the banks – on Mondays at 1:00 (that goes for you, Citizen Moody).

[Editor's note: In O-week 2003, Pat Moody could be seen in Union Court wearing a Che Guevara t-shirt]

DILF

(Department I'd Like to Fuck)



The Environment Department

This issue, Woroni wraps up its exciting series of DILF with ANUSA's most often overlooked department, the Environment Department. Woroni's Chloe Persing caught up with Environment Officer Julian Hay and found out what exactly these kiddies do!

The Environment Department's primary focus is to represent environmental issues on campus and those students who wish to be involved with these issues.

The Environment Department sometimes works in conjunction with ANUgreen and has recently been sitting in on meetings to do with the upcoming redevelopment of Canberra's City West. There is currently a proposal in the works to establish a 450-bed dormitory that is based on ecologically sustainable development principles such as sewerage appropriate waste disposal and water recycling systems. As well as this, the department has been working with ANUgreen in an effort to reduce electricity consumption on campus. The Environment Department also funds external environmental campaigns such as those that ensure safe logging practices and rectify regional foresting agreements.

Recently, the collective has been involved in implementing the Free Trade on Campus campaign, which is a system that seeks to enable ecological and social equity when it comes to purchasing and using consumer goods. Along with this initiative, the department has actively encouraged signing of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. On top of this, the department has been organising for students to attend the Students for Sustainability Conference held in Monash this July.

Most interaction within the collective is organised around the Enviro mailing list. If you are interested, either drop by Julian's office in ANUSA or send an email to him through u3365412@anu.edu.au

ANUSA

Pride Week Rocked ANU!

Pride Week for 2005 was a raging success (well that's my opinion anyway); we spent half of the budget and had double the numbers of people who turned up last year. Of course the biggest event of the week was the Jellybabies dance party, where 300+ people danced away the night to DJ's and a home grown band who were really hot; they went off! Thanks to everyone who showed up and of course a big thank you to Brian at Toast, for letting us hold this great event as his wonderful establishment.

Queer Collective member, Peta gave an awesome talk on sex, where we all got to put condoms on our fingers - let me tell you that was an experience I won't soon forget! The Sexuality forum was interesting in that it helped the Sexuality Department find some direction for the Second semester, but I had hoped more people from the broader ANU community were there. Anyway I really had a good time and I'm still recovering from all the partying. If anyone would like to get involved in the Sexuality Department, please contact me at sexdep@anu.edu.au or call the office on 6125 8514.

Cheers,
Laura Crespo.

International Student Service of ANU

Recently, the ISSANU committee members have been busy organising the annual ISSANU Dinner held on Saturday, May 14th at the Southern Cross Club in Woden. It was a great night that included performances by Bollywood and flamenco dancers.

Soon, ISSANU will be holding the first international council meeting. This will include representatives from nationality-based student groups and international representatives from each hall and college, to talk about issues that may have risen concerning international students.

In June, ISSANU will be sending representatives to the National Liaison Committee for International Students in Australia Conference. The selection process for ANU representatives will open soon, and all international undergraduates are invited to apply.

Cheers,
Dita Nugroho.

Arts Faculty Reps

Hey guys, we are Francesco Naismith and Celia Winnett, your Arts Faculty Representatives for 2005! We're both Arts/Law students (don't laugh!), and our Arts majors are International Relations (Francesco) and Philosophy (Celia). As Arts Fac Reps, our work on the Students' Associa-

tion is dedicated towards representing the interests of all students taking Arts Faculty courses. We meet with the Faculty's administrative heads, lecturers and Dean to let them know about students' issues. If you have any concerns this year, such as unfair marking or problems with programs and the way certain things are run, don't hesitate to seek our assistance and guidance. By the time you read this, you can contact us through our new email address (arts.facrep@anu.edu.au), but you can also try our old one (sa_artsrep_anu@yahoo.com.au). Thanks for reading this, and we look forward to hearing from you!

Cheers,
Francesco Naismith and Celia Winnett.

Asian Studies Faculty Reps

Hi there, we're your Asian Studies Faculty Reps, Jo and Lian, with dubious histories and possible links with various (illegitimate) organizations. Our refugee status is still pending. Feel like a whinge? We're pros!

No seriously, if you have concerns about course structure, subject choices, appeals, assessment schemes and criteria, marking and grade scaling, the year in Asia and strange KGB lecturers, attempt to find us or send us an email. We'll take your problems to the relevant faculty head, or direct you to the resources you that need and the people you should see. We're well equipped to take your issues on board; we've been whinging for four years! There's no money back guarantees, but keep in mind we know people who know people.

We accept fanmail through: asianstudies.facrep@anu.edu.au

Cheers,
Lian Yong and Jo Rayner.

Science Faculty Reps

Hi! We are Kim and Rachel, your friendly student Science Faculty Representatives. If you have any problems or questions to do with your courses, timetabling, or uni life in general please contact us. The ANU Students' Association has successfully intervened on behalf of students before, so please come to us with anything, no matter how big or small.

Email Kim at Kim.Johnston@gmail.com or Rachel at u3295627@anu.edu.au. Or you can find us in the ANU Students' Association, which is above the Commonwealth Bank in Union Court.

Cheers,
Kim Johnston and Rachel Blakers.

CSU Miami

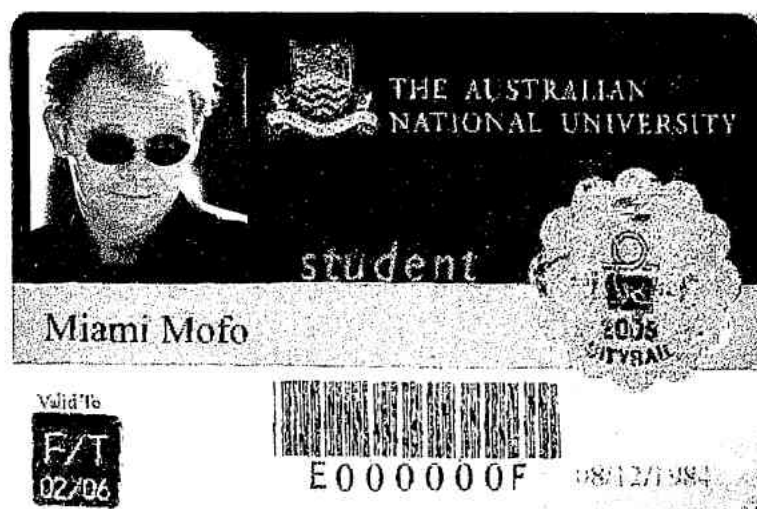
By Arleen Machiavelli

"The 'Government is special' argument is very unconvincing in light of non-Government bodies levying compulsory fees on taxpayers while still claiming public funds."

Ideologically, Pro-VSU advocates argue it is wrong to coerce students to pay for services that subsidise others. Education is a right, and it is made less affordable by the need to continually pay GSF. The frequent analogy to taxation is dismissed on the basis that no public institution outside the Government has the authority to levy an additional tax on citizens.

Another, more practical, complaint about Compulsory Student Unionism (CSU) is that money is spent inefficiently and unaccountably. Student unions have been compared to a lumbering dinosaur, so inert they are unable to get out of the way of their own downfall. There is clearly a lack of engagement with students. It was only this year that the ANUSA actually put its budget online for example. While an old newspaper plastered to every second wall reading "NO VSU!" is perhaps eye catching (if only for its ugliness), it goes from flooding the reader with information to starving them, and protests remain the staple mode of transmitting any political message. After watching another 20-person protest and seeing ten people wearing Che TM t-shirts hijack it, students have justifiably become disenchanted with protests. Student groups have been slow to adapt to students' desire for different mediums through which to communicate their message.

Politically there is little doubt that many student groups do not focus on what most students regard as important issues. This problem is embodied in the national body for student representation, the National Union of Students (NUS). Instead of dealing with issues relevant to students, NUS has become a forum for future Labor politicians to network. Two years ago their two 'key items' were The War in Iraq and the GATs agreement. For years they have failed utterly to campaign on the importance of CSU, without which they would not exist, having only been woken from their slumber by last year's election. It is hard to imagine a better example of mismanagement and accountability than NUS, a body who actively avoids giving their budget (believe me, I've tried and proposals to students who ask), or putting them online, to avoid any accountability. One might suppose distributing a biannual leaflet outlining how they had spent students' money and what their future plans were wouldn't be too much trouble for an organisation with a million dollar annual budget.



Does all this mean that CSU is a bad idea? Surprisingly enough, no. These objections are mostly about the way student money is spent, not whether they are entitled to levy a fee in the first place. While not everyone may agree about the way communal funds are spent, this is no different to taxation. The 'Government is special' argument is very unconvincing in light of non-Government bodies such as private schools and health care providers levying compulsory fees on taxpayers with glowing approval from the Howard Government, while still claiming public funds.

CSU brings many benefits to campus culture. Admittedly, claims that "O-week would stop" are disingenuous (it often makes a profit), but there are many benefits they bring that otherwise wouldn't exist. Last year the SA negotiated benefits for students such as the Bruce Hall residential guarantee, ensuring students didn't lose their homes. These sorts of eventualities are why an SA is needed. By the time they arise, it is too late to form an SA, and even were that possible, they would lack the experience and established credibility to achieve results.

Proposals for a VSU system with a membership card for those entitled to services, to escape the prisoner's dilemma, is almost impossible in practice. While some services could be given only to members, the benefits of a body that represents students usually flow on to all. The appeals process now in place, negotiated by students, benefits all. It seems unfair that these sorts of benefits should be paid for only by some. Student representation, while out of touch with students, is a useful illusion that allows student bodies to achieve together what no individual student could alone. Luckily very few University higher ups attend empty protests, but bad press affects the University's ability to get students, which is vital.

If you give students an option not to pay fees then they, much like any taxpayer, will almost always choose not to. Students often don't notice the many services the SA provides, yet student representation is often there to help students who never think they will utilise it. Students groups need to be more accountable and efficient, but not legislated out of existence. And if I haven't convinced you after all that, well, I'm happy with my subsidised sausage rolls and beer.

Gig Guide

Casual Projects Album Launch @ ANU, 24th June

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
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19 20 21 22 23 24 25
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31

June/July

- 02.06.05: Magic Dirt, Monstrous Blues and Sunday City @ ANU
- 03.06.05: The Camels and The Australian Kingswood Factory @ ANU
- Junto, Spoil and Serenade @ The Green Room
- 04.06.05: The Red Paintings @ Toast
- 08.06.05: Hate Eternal, Psycroptic and Vespers Decent @ The Green Room
- 09.06.05: Switch 3, Epic Flagon, Lamexcuse and Merkin @ ANU
- 10.06.05: The Accidents, Hancock Basement, Ashburys and Sunday City @ The Green Room
- 11.06.05: Unpaid Debt, Change of Face and Epic Flagon
- 15.06.05: Evermore, The Redsunband, The Panda Band and The Vasco Era @ ANU
- 18.06.05: The Porkers, Los Capitians and Bagster @ The Green Room
- 24.06.05: Casual Projects Album Launch @ ANU
- 25.06.05: Atmosphere @ ANU
- 02.07.05: The Basics, Better Than a Poke in the Eye, and Ayleen O'Hanlon @ The Green Room
- 13.07.05: After the Fall and Kisschasy @ The Green Room

Ad Deconstruction

By Rachael Kendrick



Aside from hate-inducing girly pap and cutely designed hipster fare, my other big magazine-type indulgence is your basic *New Scientist*. Not because I have any delusions of being scientifically minded – far from it, I feel nauseous watching the Discovery channel – but because it gives me pleasant flashbacks to my high school library. Once upon a time, due to work and such, my mother used to drop my sister and I off to our school at a truly ludicrous time, which wasn't so bad because it gave me some quality time in the periodical section of the library before class started. Before facing the slings and arrows of 300 pubescent girls in polyester, I could spend an hour with soothing articles about black holes and hyenas and the latest in Japanese cell phones. I once read about a planned solar tower in Mildura that would be the highest structure ever built, and this big ol' tower populated my daydreams for weeks after, as I find heights oddly comforting. It wasn't until I began uni that I realised I could go to my local newsagent and buy a copy of my very own, and I haven't looked back since.

Unfortunately, your *New Scientist* is a bit thin when it comes to advertising. I found only two or three whole page deals, and one was for some statistics program. I settled on this one for Olympus cameras because it has sweaty men and I don't know what they're doing to each other, and ambiguity is interesting, right? Ads for technical products, cars, computers, cameras, the usual high-end gadgetry we wield as cultural capital, want to do something quite different than ads for clothes and lotions and whatnot. They could make the usual crude consumption=sex equation, and some do, with ruthlessly Photoshopped babes draped on, holding or at least near the product in question. In this case it would be unbecoming for Olympus to do that, and besides, it's not the type of image they're going for. *New Scientist* is for mature, thinky people, or at least people who like to think they are. Ads in this magazine must seek to reinforce that image they think readers have of themselves – read this magazine and you're a grownup who cares about the world and the things in it, buy our cameras and you're a technically savvy grownup who only has the best. They reinforce this with the paired images of wrestlers and a stadium diagram, the assumption being that potential buyers of Olympus cameras are the type of people to enjoy high-end athletics and habitually buy tickets to see them. In fact, there isn't even a specific camera in the ad, just two low-key mentions of 'precision optics' and '10x optical Ultrazoom.' Rather than promoting a specific product, this is an ad for the Olympus name, connecting the tightly cropped image of two powerful, determined men and the 10x optical Ultrazoom. Which is basically what contemporary advertising is all about – they don't sell things, they sell symbols and ideas. Being a flouncy, blouse-wearing nerdlinger, a quote from science fiction author springs to mind: 'We are done with the business of things; everything else is entertainment.'

College Page

Woroni's Spiritual Competition

Johns versus Fenner

In the midst of this mighty battle, we received the following email from a dubious sender ("John Smith"):

Hi
I like bottoms. Their funny.
Ha ha poo.
Neck up ya parrots!
Johns foreva!
Bye

We're not sure if that really was sent from someone at Johns (surely, they can't be that bad), or whether a Fenner kid was trying to do a bit of the ol' **sabotage**. So we're not quite sure who to award the points to. Consequently, we're not going to award points - ha.

So now it's going to be a play off between Ursies and Bruce. Look out Bruce, they're coming for you:

Woroni Causes Controversy at Ursula Hall!!

Ah, 'tis a proud day when Woroni is confiscated from college residents. Apparently the nudie photo of the Ursies boys had issue three **banned** from Ursula Hall. Well, in a way, fair enough. The front cover had us **banned** from the Health Service.

The photo is taken once a year, but apparently, outside of the understanding confines of Ursula Hall, the ressie's culture is a disgrace. That's right Ursies' admin, let the kids bottle it up, hell, it worked at Columbine. We received the following emails from 'disturbed' Ursies ressie's:

Dear Woroni,
It is important to bring to your attention an apparent breach of the Human Rights Act 2004 (ACT) s 16(2) by Ursula Hall Administration.

HUMAN RIGHTS ACT 2004 - SECT 16
Freedom of expression

(2) Everyone has the right to freedom of expression. This right includes the freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of borders, whether orally, in writing or in print, by way of art, or in another way chosen by him or her.

The Sex edition of Woroni featured a copy of a certain photograph of an the Ursula Hall Rugby League Team, in a state of undress. This photograph included 'prominent' members of the hall community. It was deemed necessary by the some members of the community to confiscate ALL copies of Woroni delivered as part of our normal subscription to the University's student publication. Further to that it was implied by 'those who were in a position to know' that it would be unfavourable for them to retain possession of any copies of the sex edi-

tion due to the compromising photograph.

Regards,
Bears on Daley Rd.

Hello there Woroni,
As you already know, as you published it, the recent edition of Woroni contained a photo of the Ursula Hall Rugby team, naked. I am not sure if someone has alerted you yet, but the Hall took away all the copies which you so kindly deliver to us as it is rumoured that it was thought that the photo was inappropriate. It was also rumoured that if it was known that we had a copy of the magazine, we may be asked to dispose of it. As if we wouldn't have seen it anyway. Woroni is everywhere. If people didnt want it seen, perhaps they shouldnt have taken it. But from what I hear from older residents, this photo is taken every year! Anyway, can you print it again? Bigger? And a note that it cannot be taken away? Is there not some right that we can read what we want and not be stopped?
Cheers

Yes, interesting reflections there. In other news:

Nerd Continues Nerdy Debate

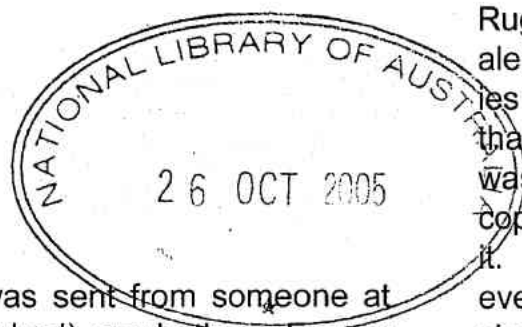
In response to the 'Bergie Law Nerd' who made the comments on VSU in regards to colleges: kudos for at least coming out and actually saying something. However, there are some key issues that must be dealt with from your letter:

1) The bill, when referring to a "higher education provider" means anything associated with a university - otherwise, it can't do what it is ment to, as StudentAssociations don't engage in the provision of education! This means that University affiliated halls (everyone except Bergie and Jons) are, in principal, affected. However, whether this actually happens in arguable, mainly because an RA fee is not 'compulsory' to ever student; only those who live in these affected halls. In my humble opinion, that may ultimately be decided in a court when some wankerongeous Liberal(big L!)-leaning law student tries to take on the university so they don't have to pay their RA fee.

2) The direct impact on sport and arts have been greatly underestimated - it will be more then simply \$10 - \$20 per head. I'd be surprised if it was less then \$50. If you want proof, compare the membership fee for the ANU gym to others in Canberra. That's all due to subsidy. Baby! Now I'm not surprised that the "Berie" kid isn't worried about this - that's less then the repayment on his SAAB. But for those of us with out a trust fund, that's quite a bit of money to fork up front at the start of the year.

Ultimately, VSU will affect RAs. So it is time the Presidents of colleges actually came out and said something. Anything. Your job is to represent your residents, and this will affect your residents.

Cheers.





Bronwyn Jean

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